

THE PORTSMOUTH HERALD.

L. XVII., NO. 5368

PORTSMOUTH, N. H. THURSDAY, MAY 1, 1902.

PRICE 2 CENTS

ASTHMA CURE FREE

nalene Brings Instant Relief and Permanent Cure in All Cases.

SENT ABSOLUTELY FREE ON RECEIPT OF POSTAL Write Your Name and Address Plainly.



There is nothing like Asthmalene brings instant relief, even in the most severe cases. It cures when all else fails. The Rev. C. F. WELLS, of Vill Ridge, Ill., says: "Your trial bottle of Asthmalene received in good condition. I cannot tell you how thankful I feel for the good derived from it. I was a slave, chained with putrid sore throat and Asthma for ten years. I despaired of ever being cured. I saw your advertisement for the cure of this dreadful and tormenting disease, Asthma, and thought you had overspoken yourselves, but resolved to give it a trial. To my astonishment, the trial acted like a charm. Send me a full size bottle."

Rev. Dr. Morris Wechsler.

Rabbi of the Cong. Bnai Israel. New York, Jan. 3, 1901

DRS. TAFT BROS.' MEDICINE CO.,

Gentlemen: Your Asthmalene is an excellent remedy for Asthma and Hay Fever, and its composition alleviates all troubles which combine with Asthma. Its success is astonishing and wonderful.

After having it carefully analyzed, we can state that Asthmalene contains no morphine, chloroform or other.

Very truly yours,

REV. DR. MORRIS WECHSLER.

AVON SPRINGS, N. Y., Feb. 1, 1901.

DRS. TAFT BROS. MEDICINE CO. Gentlemen: I write this testimonial from a sense of duty, having tested the effect of your Asthmalene, for the cure of Asthma. My wife has been with spasmodic asthma for the past 12 years. Having exhausted my own will as many others, I changed to see your sign upon your windows on West New York, I at once obtained a bottle of Asthmalene. My wife commencing it about the first of November. I very soon noticed a radical improvement. After using one bottle her asthma has disappeared and she is cured from all symptoms. I feel that I can consistently recommend the medicine all who are afflicted with this distressing disease.

Yours respectfully,

O. D. PHELPS, M. D.

DRS. TAFT BROS. MEDICINE CO. Feb. 5, 1901. Gentlemen: I was troubled with Asthma for 22 years. I have tried numerous remedies, but they have all failed. I ran across your advertisement and with a trial bottle. I found relief at once. I have since purchased your bottle, and I am ever grateful. I have family of four children, and for years was unable to work. I am now in the best of health and am doing business day. This testimony you can make such use of as you see fit.

S. RAPHAEL.

67 East 120th St., New York City.

Trial Bottle Sent Absolutely Free on Receipt of Postal.

not delay. Write at once, addressing DR. TAFT BROS.' MEDICINE CO 130th St., N. Y. City.

Sold by All Druggists.

GREEN DOORS! OLD PAINT, WHITE LEAD AND VARNISHES.

P. WENDELL & CO. 2 MARKET SQUARE.

ICE CREAM WITHOUT WORK 1 CENTURY FREEZER

CALL AND SEE THEM AT **Wilder & Cotton's, 65 MARKET STREET.**

A. W. WALKER

SOLE AGENTS FOR

COMPANY LEHIGH COALS

ALSO

ng and Wilkesbarr Coals

Preparation Obtainable

In This City.

7 MARKET ST.

The only new announcement that can be said of the celebrated

7-20-4 10c CIGAR

is the sales are constantly increasing in the old territory and meeting with big success in new fields.

R. G. SULLIVAN, Mfr.,

Manchester, N. H.

AN AWFUL PANIC.

Employees Of A Philadelphia Cigar Factory Killed.

Accident To Deaf And Dumb Janitor Was Responsible.

Several Frenzied Girls Jumped To The Street, Fifty Feet Below.

Philadelphia, April 30.—An unfortunate accident to a deaf and dumb boy named Isador Jaccus today was directly responsible for the death of eight girls and young women the fatal injury of three others and the serious injury of more than two score of girls employed in the cigar factory of Harburger, Homans and company. Twelve hundred persons were at work in the building at the time of the accident. Jaccus, who is the janitor, started from the fourth floor to the fifth after a ball of twine. The elevator car was at the top of the shaft and he pulled the rope to bring it down. He stood at the open door and leaned forward to watch for the carriage. As he did so the elevator struck him on the back of the neck, pinning his head between the door and the bottom of the car. Another employee released Jaccus and cried for help. The foreman ran from the building to call an ambulance and a panic started immediately. Some of the younger women fainted, and most of the rest stampeded for the stairs. The leaders fell and the others behind tripped over them and in less than a minute hundreds of children and young women were struggling in the passage-way. Their shrieks and screams could be heard more than a block away. During the excitement, a fire alarm was rung in, but before the firemen could arrive, several of the girls had rushed to the windows and jumped to the street, from fifty feet below. The firemen rushed up the stairs and begged the crowd to be calm, but the sight of the firemen only added fuel to the flame. After a few minutes the men were able to check the awful crush in the hall and began the work of rescue.

BASEBALL.

The following is the result of the baseball games played yesterday:

National League.

The Boston-Brooklyn game was prevented by rain.

Philadelphia 5, New York 6; at Philadelphia.

American League.

St. Louis 1, Detroit 0; at St. Louis. Baltimore 4, Boston 4; at Baltimore. Chicago 2, Cleveland 0; at Chicago. Washington 7, Philadelphia 11; at Washington.

Dartmouth 7, Bowdoin 4; at Hanover. Batesville, Newick and Corcoran Lewis and Blanchard.

PASSED AGRICULTURAL BILL.

Washington, April 30.—The house today passed the agricultural appropriation bill and began the consideration of the District of Columbia appropriation bill, the last but two of the regular supply measures.

Caused Warm Debate.

Washington, April 30.—A resolution offered in the senate today by Mr. Patterson, directing the secretary of war to order by cable Maj. Gardner, now in the Philippines, to return immediately to this country to appear as a witness before the Philippine committee, precipitated a warm debate. It was defeated finally by a strict party vote.

TRYING TO GET THEM LIBERATED.

London, May 1.—Special despatches from Rome favor that at a conference yesterday with Signor Prinetti, the minister of foreign affairs, Ambassador Meyer, while taking no exceptions to the action of the authorities at Venice, asked as a favor to him that the imprisoned officers of the Chicago be handed over to the commander of that vessel to undergo sentence. Writing from Milan the correspondent of the Daily Telegraph says that the imprisoned officers have asked to be liberated, but the court has declined the request. A civil action is to be brought against the imprisoned officers for costs and damages. The Chicago has deferred her departure from Venice.

CROWNSHIELD SAILS.

New York, April 30.—The battleship Illinois sailed today with Rear Admiral Crownshield on board to take command of the European station and participate in the naval ceremonies of King Edward. The Illinois is in command of Capt. George A. Converse.

NEWICK WINS HIS GAME.

Takes Victory From Bowdoin By Score 7 to 4.

Hanover, April 30.—Dartmouth redeemed herself today for the loss of yesterday's game by defeating the Bowdoin college team by a score of 7 to 4. Newick was in the box for Dartmouth and pitched an excellent game, although he was hit with some freedom in the ninth inning. This, combined with a few costly errors, allowed Bowdoin to make three scores.

The game was clean and without errors until the fourth inning, when Dartmouth got a run, and Bowdoin soon followed with another. The score remained tied until the seventh inning. Hits by O'Connor, Crogg and Rollins raised the score for Dartmouth.

The features of the game were a two-base hit by Rollins and the pitching of Newick for Dartmouth.

RODGERS' REPORT.

Tells What The Navy Is Doing Toward Suppressing The Insurrection In Samar.

Washington, April 30.—A cablegram received at the navy department from Rear Admiral Rodgers, commander in chief of the United States naval forces on the Asiatic station, records the work being done by the navy in the suppression of the insurrection in the island of Samar. Admiral Rodgers says, under date of Yokohama, April 29, "Wild reports that seven hundred insurgents, with seventy-five rifles, surrendered at Calabogon on the 27th inst. No more organized bandits are in Samar. Evans reported on the 27th and hoisted his flag on the Kentucky on the 28th. Harris has been appointed temporary governor of Olongapo."

EVEN PROPOSE MARRIAGE.

Morbid Women Are Sending Missives to The Van Wormer Boys.

Plattsburg, N. Y., April 30.—Many letters are received at Clinton prison, Plattsburg, each day addressed to the three Van Wormer boys, who are confined in the death house there under sentence of death for the murder of their uncle, Peter Hallenbeck. Nineteen of them are penned by women, and most of them express sympathy. A few have contained proposals of marriage, others are requisitions to exchange photographs and they come from all parts of the country. Not one of them is delivered to the young men and they are ignorant of all the sympathy that is being wasted on their account.

ELECTED OFFICERS.

Dr. Lemuel Pope, Jr., On The New Board Of The New Hampshire Association Of Boards Of Health.

Concord, April 30.—At a meeting of the New Hampshire Association of Boards of Health here today, the following officers were elected: President, William H. Robbins of Manchester; first vice president, Haven Palmer of Plymouth; second, Dr. Lemuel Pope, Jr., of Portsmouth; secretary, Irving A. Watson of Concord; treasurer, D. D. Sullivan of Concord.

CONGRESSMAN SULLOWAY.

Returns to Washington in a Happy Frame of Mind.

Congressman C. A. Sulloway returned to Washington on Wednesday, leaving this city at 2:52 o'clock in a happy frame of mind. The congressman is a candidate for reelection and after a few days passed at home he became satisfied that his prospects were satisfactory. He expressed himself as being extremely gratified with the outlook.—Manchester Union.

FOR BREAKING AND ENTERING.

Edward L. Davenport, alias Edward Smith (colored) was Wednesday lodged in the Exeter jail to await the action of the October grand inquest of the county in default of \$500 bonds. He was charged by Mary Genevieve Sargent of Chester with breaking and entering in the daytime, the dwelling house of Susan Hezotan at Chester and burglarizing it of a gold watch and several other articles of value. The hearing was held before Justice Arthur H. Wilcomb. Constable W. T. Martin of Chester deserves praise for the manner in which he worked up the case. With the assistance of the Faverhill, Mass., police he succeeded in recovering the major portion of the property stolen.

A TORNADO.

Guthrie, Oklahoma, April 30.—A tornado passed over the town of Davenport last night doing much damage. Several houses were blown down and two women were killed.

SAILED FOR RUSSIA.

Philadelphia, Pa., April 30.—The Russian battleship Retvizan, which was built by the Cramps, sailed today for Russia.

The Naval band plays for a May ball in Somersworth this evening.

MOODY STEPS IN.

John D. Long Gives Way To His Successor.

The Navy Department Now Has A New Head.

Few Changes Will Emerge In Any Of The Bureaus.

Washington, April 30.—Secretary Long closed his official career as the head of the naval establishment today. Affairs progressed as usual in the department and the end of his term of service was unmarked save by the calling of many friends to take official leave of the retiring secretary. It has been arranged that Mr. Moody shall assume his new duties tomorrow morning. Very few changes will follow the change in the heads of the department. The only one that will go into effect at once is the installation of Fred I. Fishback as confidential clerk, in place of Mr. Greer, who has been appointed assistant paymaster in the navy. Mr. Fishback is a personal friend of the new secretary. Secretary Long was given a complimentary dinner at the New Willard hotel tonight by the chiefs of the various bureaus of the department. Admiral O'Neill presided, Secretary Long having a sea on his right and Admiral Dewey on his left.

HERE AND THERE.

"If you want to down the beef trust," said a man who is engaged in the sale of fruit, "don't eat meat. Eat bananas, instead. I'm not joking. I'm serious. The banana is a staple article of food has been too long neglected by the people of our zone. I traveled across Nicaragua once, and I practically lived on bananas prepared in the various ways for which the natives are famous. It may surprise you to know that the banana is the kingpin of the vegetable world, so far as nutrition is concerned. It is a forty-five times as nutritious as wheat of the same weight, has forty-five times the nutriment of potatoes and thirty times that of rice, the three staple vegetable products of the world. These figures are the result of scientific investigation. It is time we turned our attention to the banana. We might profitably take a few lessons in preparing the fruit for the table from our Southern neighbors."

The railroads are doing a good deal of business lately with long wooden boxes packed with some kind of articles which are carefully wrapped in straw to prevent them from being injured. In all, there have been some forty carloads sent through this city, many of them having to be reloaded and transhipped here. Investigation shows that these boxes come from the United States government from the department of agriculture and that they contain guaranteed nursery stock, which is being sent to various points in the state. Each box is accompanied by a label attesting the fact that the plants and trees contained therein are of selected stock and are guaranteed to be free from San Jose scale and other injurious fungoids.

WORK FOR THE NAVY YARDS.

The house committee on naval affairs recommends the construction of half a dozen new naval vessels—two of them battleships of 16,000 tons, displacement, two armored cruisers of 14,500 tons, and two gunboats of 1,000 tons each. It is provided in the report that one of each class shall be built on the Pacific coast. But what is of quite as much importance to us is the recommendation made in the bill that the Secretary of the Navy, in ordering their construction, shall give a preference to the navy yards. It is true that this left to his discretion except in one case, but the suggestion just failed of being mandatory in deference to the feelings of the Secretary, the committee believing that the new appointment will favor the plan of government construction.

It is only right that the navy yards should be fully employed and that when new ships are ordered they should receive first consideration at the hands of the department. The government has been put to a tremendous expense in equipping the navy yards for the purpose of constructing and repairing its ships. There is absolutely no sense in keeping them idle.

AFTER THE SHOW.

George F. Hall and several other members of the The American Girl company were entertained at the Athletic club's home after the performance on Wednesday evening. A substantial supper had been prepared and there was music, instrumental and vocal, and story-telling in plenty. Everybody had a good time. Mr. Hall was at his best as an informal entertainer.

TEA TABLE TALK.

George F. Hall, the racy comedian of The American Girl, wishes every town on the circuit had a Portsmouth Athletic club. And why shouldn't he? Every time he comes to town, don't "Dad" Hasty and "Joe" Conner and their convivial associates sit down in front of so many good things to eat and drink that he doesn't have to pay out any money for board for a week thereafter? And don't they fill the boxes at Music hall and give him a reception the like of which Henry Irving wouldn't get if he should appear there with Ellen Terry and all the others of his great organization? Prince Henry, indeed! Why, if he should bump dates with George Hall so as to strike Portsmouth at the same time, he'd be lonesome.

However, the entertainment isn't all on one side at these little jubilees. For there are few, very few "play-actors" in this country or any other who can outdo this droll fellow Hall in the recounting of funny stories. I can think of only Otis Harlan and retold "Bill" Devere as fit to be named in his class. For every piece of white chicken meat that is handed to him on a silver platter at the Athletic clubhouse, Hall has a new anecdote to spring or a new ditty to sing. And they're all good.

Ira Newick pitched a whole game for Dartmouth on Wednesday, April 30th, and won his game from Bowdoin clearly. We have been wondering, down this way, why he has not been given more chances in the box this season. He has speed, a puzzling assortment of curves and a clear head and there is no apparent reason why he should be sidetracked for Rollins or any of the rest of the twirlers on the team.

There is a marine at this yard who was highly pleased over the despatch from Venice which said the party of American naval officers who got into trouble there, but up such a splendid fight while rescuing a vessel that the Italian police had to call for the help of a number of citizens. "Why, say I know Capt. Wynne well," said he, "and you can bet that if he was one of that squad, the coppers who tried to pull 'em in got it good and hard. He doesn't know what fear is, whether he's in uniform or out. He's a tip-top chap, and none of his friends can be made to believe that all the wrong was on his side. He and his companions must have had some provocation, else they'd never have got into any such mix-up."

Some place between this city and Boston had a very pert electrical storm Wednesday evening, April 30th. I don't know just where, but it's on the map all right, for the telephone line passes through it. I was talking with "3300," Boston, about eleven o'clock, when I got a sudden crack in the ear which caused me to lay the receiver down very promptly and back away from it. When I finally regained sufficient courage to resume the conversation, I asked the fellow on the other end if he had noticed anything unusual. He had, he said. And both of us noticed it again in just about a minute—for we got another jolt that was right from the shoulder (if I may use that term in referring to a game of pig-poung between thunder and lightning). The burg which caught that shower has seven barns were struck and burned with all their live stock and five or six of the old elms along the village street must have some big rents in their overcoats this morning.

One man who always gets a cherry seat from all his friends, a cherry seat to town, to town, to town, long on in Portsmouth's most popular music-hall and now prominent in the band and orchestra circles of Faverhill, Mass. He is one of the mainstays of the Pentucket orchestra, which plays at the May ball this Thursday evening, and he improved the opportunity to come here on Wednesday, a day ahead of time, and go around and see some of "the boys." Mr. Conner's association with the Pentucket is ample indication of its excellence as an organization.

I know one enterprising little chap who hopes the dandelions hereabouts will hold out until the Fourth of July. If they do, he'll have snapcrackers of an sizes to burn. Last week he made two dollars by picking them and selling them from door to door, and he's only twelve-years old. He's an artist at the business, too—for the greens that he peddles are always nice and clean, saving the housewife a lot of bother.

It is within the possibilities that before Memorial day a baseball ground at the Plains may be in condition for contests. One or two of the local cranks who don't frisk about in the game much themselves, but take a lively interest in it, are considering the practicability of fixing up a diamond out there.

Well, the discussion of a site for that Porter statue seems to be waning up considerably. Commemutations on the subject are coming in to the Chronicle every day and the ball-tap printed in each issue are being filled out quite generally. The wide divergence of opinions on the matter is very interesting.

If the residents in any part of this city have just cause for complaint against the city government, those on the Lincoln avenue extension, down lack of Laundon park, surely have. The surface water stands a foot deep right in front of the houses there after

a rain and never is there a time when the ground is anywhere near free from it. In one spot there is a pond large enough for twenty geese to have a good time in. And all from the lack of a "drop" in the sewer which extends through the street.

The city of Portsmouth will probably receive a pretty bill from the weather man at the end of the dust season. Whenever the conditions get almost unbearable, he comes to the rescue with a rain which performs the service that the street sprinklers ought to.

NEW CORPORATIONS.

The following companies have filed articles of incorporation at the office of the secretary of state:

The Poole Skiving Co., organized at Kittery for the purpose of manufacturing the Poole Automatic Skiving Machine with \$10,000 capital stock of which nothing is paid in. The officers are: President, Horace Mitchell of Kittery; treasurer, Isaiah F. Spindall of Lynn, Mass. Certificate approved April 26, 1902.

Mansfield Furnace and Coal Co., organized at Kittery for the purpose of manufacturing, metal castings, with \$10,000 capital stock of which nothing is paid in. The officers are: President, Horace Mitchell of Kittery; treasurer, A. M. Meloon of New Castle. Certificate approved April 28, 1902.

Main and Small Co., organized at Kittery for the purpose of manufacturing furniture, with \$10,000 capital stock of which nothing is paid in. The officers are: President, Horace Mitchell of Kittery; treasurer, A. M. Meloon of New Castle. Certificate approved April 28, 1902.

C. R. English Co., organized at Kittery for the purpose of manufacturing and dealing in cloths, felts, machinery and general merchandise, with \$50,000 capital stock, of which nothing is paid in. The officers are: President, Charles R. English of West Newton, Mass.; treasurer, Arthur P. Putnam of Boston, Mass. Certificate approved April 16, 1902.

The following company was organized at the office of the lawyers' incorporation and Transfer company:

The Puritan Motor Car Co., to manufacture and sell automobile vehicles and other carriages. Capital stock \$125,000. Preferred stock \$35,000. President, Charles C. Smith; treasurer, Joseph B. Dow, both of Kittery.

AN OLD FAVORITE.

The American Girl is an old favorite here and it drew an audience of goodly size to Music hall on Wednesday evening. The company was practically the same as in former seasons and a pleasing performance was given. George F. Hall, as "Boss Bolter," was as amusing as ever. The boxes had been bought up by members of the Athletic club, who held Mr. Hall in high esteem. They gave him a hearty welcome.

When he made his first entrance, he was handed a large bouquet formed around a tin dipper—which made him smile broadly, for it was a little joke between cheer appreciated only by himself and the club men who presented it to him. The charming little girls in the cast, Gracie Russell and Daisy Stampe, were also gladdened by bouquet offerings of pinks.

RIP VAN WINKLE.

Thomas Jefferson, who has taken up Rip Van Winkle, is said to resemble his father, Joseph Jefferson, physically and mentally and in various ways. It would be strange indeed if he did not inherit some of his talent for acting which has been in the family for six generations before him. Those who have seen him act say there is no doubt of his aptitude for a career on the stage and his success in his present venture has been so marked that it is something likely to be perpetuated and to become a standard performance. Thomas who assumes the role of "Rip" says: "I guess people think I am very nervous." But his audiences really do not think so, but rather wonder that he has refrained from showing what he could do. It is very gratifying to Thomas the way his efforts are being received. It is said that he does not imitate his father and what he does is just as natural to him as it is natural to his father. It has been seen that the performance of Rip Van Winkle given by Thomas Jefferson at Music hall on May 6 has distinct merit apart from the unique interest in it being an affair of a family which occupies a high place in the affections of theatregoers.

EMPTY PRISON CELLS.

For a second time in a decade the county jail in Exeter was without inmates Wednesday morning—Percy White and Winfield Lee, young boys belonging in this city, the only prisoners for the last few days confined there, having been released. The boys were under indictment for breaking and entering and each had a sentence of six months in jail suspended at superior court this morning. The jail was not long vacant, however, for before noon a prisoner was committed from Chester.

WILL SWALLOW B. & M.

The latest story in railroad circles is to the effect that the New York Central system is to swallow up the Boston & Maine railway. Men who are in a position to know something about the deal say it is sure to come about before many years at the outside.

News on every page of the Herald.

THE WAYS WE LAUGH

THEY DIFFER AS MUCH AS DO OUR VOICES OR OUR FACES.

While Men Commonly Use the A and O Style, Women Usually Indulge in the E and I Brand—A Laugh That Won Napoleon a Battle.

Since the days of Adam, who is said to have invented laughter when he awoke and saw Eve by his side, no two people have laughed alike. The laugh is as distinct as the voice. Women laugh differently from men, children from women; indeed, even the laugh of a full bearded man is different from that which he laughs when he has shaved.

The Abbe Damasceni thought he had discovered in the various enunciations of laughter a sure guide to the temperaments of the laughers. Thus he said "Ha! ha! ha!" belonged to a choleric person; "He! he! he!" to a phlegmatic one; and "Ho! ho! ho!" to the sanguine. And it is a scientific fact that, while men commonly laugh in A and O, women usually laugh in E and I.

Those who practice laughing to any extent have been divided wittily into diaphanous—and to know how charming they can be one has only to go back to Charles Reade's "Shapleton With a Limp"—smilers, grinners, horse laughers and sneerers. This is to lay down a science of laughing, for which there might have been need had our generals in the late war taken up the idea of old Bulow, who proposed to form troops, in face of the enemy, in line of battle and order them to advance with their arms at a shoulder and salute the foe with ringing bursts of laughter.

"Be sure," said Bulow, "that your opponents, surprised and dismayed at this astonishing salute, would turn about and run off."

Perhaps this scheme would not work now, while the present long range artillery is used; but, as a matter of fact, it is related that the Mamelukes once turned tail from an assault upon the French in Egypt on hearing the roar of laughter with which Napoleon's veterans greeted the command, "Form in squares, asses and men of science in the center."

Great men often have fancied it a part of greatness to refrain from hilarity. Philip IV of Spain is said to have laughed only once in his life. That was when his bride, Anne of Austria, wept at hearing that the queens of Spain had no feet. She took with German literature an odd piece of Spanish courtesy. As she was journeying toward Spain some German nuns met her and desired to present some stockings of their own knitting. The worthy princess was about to accept the gift when a Spanish grandee of her suit interfered with the remark that it would be against etiquette, as the queens of Spain were not supposed to have any use for stockings, whereas the princess began to weep, understanding, poor woman, that on her arrival in Spain her feet would be cut off.

Lord Chesterfield said, "Nobody has seen me laugh since I have come to my reason," and Congreve makes his Lord Froth in the "Double Dealer" say, "When I laugh, I always laugh alone." Young people and fools laugh easily, says an old proverb, which often has proved true.

Nevertheless the shrew Robert gave lessons in laughter in Paris and in London in 1895, and, so far at least as filling his own purse went, with success. He held that men and women could not laugh "decently and systematically" without proper training and said that a person who could laugh only in one tone seemed to him like one who could say only out and non, but that a trained laughter should express many things.

It is a curious fact that it is only among the French and among the ancients that we read of people laughing themselves to death. We, in our days, make have either more jokes or a different appreciation of wit. Xenius is said to have died of laughing at a painting of an old woman, his own handiwork. Philonon expired laughing at a donkey who ate so contentedly the philosopher's figs that, with his last articulate breath, he sent out his last glass of wine to the beast, who drank it with equal enjoyment and thus proved himself, it would seem, not such a donkey after all.

It remains true, however, that laughter is good for the health. "Laugh and grow fat" is the old proverb. Sydenham maintained that the arrival of a clown in a village was as wholesome as that of 20 donkeys laden with drugs. Tissot, the famous French physician, cured consumption and liver complaints by causing his patients to laugh, and Erasmus, through immoderate laughter at the rude Latin of Hutten's "Letters of Obscure Men," broke an internal abscess which had long plagued him.

"When a man smiles, and much more when he laughs, it adds something to his fragment of life," said Sterne, who wished laughter enumerated in the materia medica, holding it as a curative of the same kind as coughing, sneezing and perhaps vomiting, only much pleasanter than any of these.

Queer Business Combinations.

Some Chicago men carry on at the same time two or more different lines of business. Sometimes these combinations are laughable. Over the door of a store in Wells street is a sign which announces "Wholesale Papern and School of Magic." In the window of an office in Madison street is an announcement that within are to be had "Books on Love and Poultry Raising." A South Side humorist has a placard in his basement window which reads, "Lunches Put Up and Carpets Put Down."

BATTLE OF FORT DOWLING.

A Remarkable Engagement of Which Little Has Been Written.

Where the gulf of Mexico comes into the Sabine lake, on the coast of Texas, near the Louisiana line, there is a narrow channel of water which is about 400 yards wide. On the north bank of this little channel today one sees the smokestack a few feet above the water of a sunken boat. Just opposite to it, on the southern bank, there is a dirt wall, square in its shape and about ten feet high and over this a painted sign that reads "Fort Dowling." That is all that now lives as evidence of a thrilling drama, the equal of which the world has never seen, and that was played out at this place back yonder in the closing days of our civil war.

General Banks, with plenty of men and boats and plenty of ammunition and supplies, had gone up the Red river into Louisiana and was hammering Kirby Smith and Dick Taylor into destruction. The Federal government conceived the idea that Smith and Taylor might be attacked in the rear by an expedition landed on the shores of Sabine lake and consisting of some 10,000 men, who would be transported to their landing by a part of the Federal fleet.

To reach the banks of the lake, of course, it was necessary to go through Sabine pass, this narrow channel of which I have spoken. Richard Dowling, in command of about 40 men, was acting as a scout for Smith and Taylor and saw the evidence of the coming of this fleet of gunboats and transports and, with his 40 men, took possession of a little mud fort at the mouth of the pass, in which there were three or four 6 pounders and perhaps a siege gun. There he waited with guns loaded and instructions given to his men that they must not fire until the gunboats came well abreast of him, only about 300 yards away.

His plan of action was not to shoot until they were immediately opposite, and then to discharge his whole battery at the gunboat. This was done successfully; her boilers were exploded, and, together with hundreds of soldiers, she sank to the spot where she now rests. Many died from the steam that scalded them, more from the water that engulfed them.

Loading his guns, he sank the next vessel with the same disastrous result to the enemy and, loading yet again, he turned his guns on the transport following, with a thousand men aboard of her. She, in response, ran up a white flag. The rest of the fleet turned and sailed away, leaving the dead bodies of the drowned soldiers and the sunken vessels. Dowling, in a dugout (this is a hollowed log or a canoe, as it is variously called), paddled himself out to receive the surrender of this transport with a thousand men. The commander of the vessel expressed his surprise at such a reception of his white flag token and asked why the commander of the fort didn't come in person to receive his surrender.

Dowling replied, "I am the commander and have come in person," to which the captain said, "Well, what do you mean by coming this way in a canoe by yourself?"

Dowling answered, "I have no other way of getting here, and hence I came in my dugout."

He received the surrender, paroled the prisoners, for he could not take them in charge, and went back to his comrades. Of those 40, only one had received a wound at all, though the gunboats had shelled the little mud earthwork diligently.

In the history of the world nothing similar, unless it be the battle of New Orleans, has ever happened, and yet, such is the large carelessness of the southern character in recording its wonderful and numerous deeds of heroism, that but little notice has ever been taken of this extraordinary battle.—Nashville Democracy.

The Peculiar Prison Bird.

The peculiarity of the prison bird, a feathered beauty of Africa, is that he is the most tyrannical and jealous of husbands. Imprisoning his mate throughout her nesting time. Living stone watched the bird's habits while in Montpelier and in his subsequent observations referred to the nest as a prison and the female bird as a slave.

The nest is built in the hollow of a tree through an opening in the bark. As soon as it is completed the mother bird enters carefully and fearfully and settles down in it. Then papa walls up the opening, leaving only just space enough for air and food to pass through. He keeps faithful guard and brings food at regular intervals without fail. The female thrives under her enforced retirement. But if the prison bird is killed or in any other way prevented from fulfilling his duties the mother and her little ones must die of starvation, for she cannot free herself from bondage.

Normally the imprisonment lasts until the chicks are old enough to fly. Then the male bird destroys the barrier with his beak and liberates his family. "It is charming," writes Livingston, "to see the joy with which the little prisoners greet the light and the unknown world."

Wonderful Patience of a Hattian.

As far as I was able to judge, the Hattian is entirely devoid of nerves or feeling of any kind. Upon one occasion I saw one undertake to split a stick. He stood it on end, placed his machete on top, reached out for another stick which he used as a mallet, and while doing so the piece of wood fell over. Twenty-three times he repeated the operation before he accomplished his object. He never uttered a swear word, looked annoyed or hurried by his action, and he was not working by the day either it was piecework, on contract, for my host.—Harper's Magazine.

A ROYAL LOVE STORY

HOW CZAR NICHOLAS II WOODED AND WON HIS ORPHAN COUSIN.

There Were Grave Objections to the Match, and the Young Couple Had Many Enemies, but Love Finally Triumphed Over All.

The czar, Nicholas II, always loved his orphan cousin, and as they met somewhat frequently he did not lack opportunity of discovering for himself that his love was reciprocated. But there were grave objections to the match, and the young lovers had many enemies. The czar's parents opposed the union with all the emphasis they could command. Princess Alix was a Lutheran, and Nicholas belonged to the Greek church. To Alexander III this was almost a fatal objection to their marriage, and everything was done that could be done to convince the young heir to all the Russias that he must accept another bride. Even Queen Victoria joined the little army arrayed against the lovers. Princess Alix was her favorite granddaughter, and she did not wish her to change her religion or to face the perils of the Russian throne.

There was another serious objection too. Both the lovers were delicate, and Alexander III was naturally anxious that the throne of Russia should be occupied by his son's son. At last the obstinate czarowitz was sent on a long voyage round the world, it being hoped that in the constant change of scene he would forget his love and come back prepared to do as he was told. The love which had bound Nicholas to his orphan cousin was not, however, a thing that could be put off in a new country, and the heir apparent went back to Russia more determined than ever not to marry unless he loved. The voyage had greatly improved his health, so that part of the objection was removed.

But there still remained the religious objection, and Nicholas pressed his suit. He was fortunate in securing two powerful allies, the then Duchess of Edinburgh and the Grand Duchess Serge, sister of the princess. Together these women were able to overcome the father's objections, but Queen Victoria had yet to be won over. It was no easy task to convert the queen, but it was done at length. The Duchess of Edinburgh persuaded the Prince of Wales, and the Princess Victoria prevailed upon her majesty. Then, as if to compensate the young people for their disappointments, the queen suggested that they should visit England. Prince Louis of Battenberg invited the princess to Walton-on-Thames, and hither the young man who was to rule 100,000,000 of human beings came to win the hand and heart of the woman he loved.

One would have thought that now the task was easy, but the princess was not easily won. If others had felt that she should not change her creed, she herself had felt so even more strongly. Years before, when the czarowitz first spoke of love to her, she had not listened, because of her horror of having to change her creed, in which she is said to have devoutly believed, and her strong religious nature had only rooted this objection deeper and deeper as the years went by. What happened at Walton, how passionately the devoted Nicholas pleaded, we do not know. But we know that a year afterward, at the wedding of her brother, the Grand Duke Ernest of Hesse, and Princess Victoria Melita of Coburg, the betrothal was publicly announced. The czarowitz had turned up at Coburg at the last moment, not having been expected until shortly before he arrived. "I am determined at last to have an answer out of her own mouth," he said to his parents as he started.

A day or two before the princess had talked of her lover with tears in her eyes. She gave vent to her religious scruples before her brother. "You do not love him, then?" said the Grand Duke Ernest. And the answer, "Oh, yes; I do—I do," showed how painful the struggle in her mind must have been.

The queen was the first to be informed of the news that the czarowitz had proposed and been accepted, and there was great joy among their friends that at last the long wooing was over. Then came the illness of Alexander III, and the princess was summoned to Livadia to nurse the dying czar. When the monarch passed away and her lover was emperor of Russia, Princess Alix wore no signs of mourning. It was a happy thought of the widowed empress that no needless pain should mar the joy of the bride who was so soon to share her son's throne, and the house of mourning was brightened day by day by the beautiful and figure of the future empress dressed in purest white. It was thought best that there should be no delay for form's sake, and the funeral was quickly followed by a wedding. On Nov. 26, 1894, at the age of 22, Princess Alix became empress of Russia.—Young Women.

The Way It Looked.

At last the hotel clerk permitted the guest on the far side of the counter to speak to him.

"May I inquire," said the guest diffidently, "who that modest gentleman was you were talking to a moment ago?"

"Oh," replied the clerk, "That was the old man."

"And who is the old man, pray?"

"The owner of the house, of course."

"Is that so?" was the astonished remark. "Well, I never would have thought he was."

"Why not?"

"Because I was so dead sure in my mind that you owned the whole shebang."—Detroit Free Press.

SIM WAS LATE.

The Kind Old Gentleman Did the Explaining For Him.

They are middle aged married people now, but their wedding is kept in greener remembrance than that of many a couple since married in the same community. He was a young hardworking farmer out near the middle of the state, she the blooming daughter of a neighboring farmer who had accumulated a nice fortune, had a due tract of land, a pretentious country home and a family that was looked up to by most of the community. He had worked his own way to the front, and there was nothing that he admired more in young men than the qualities that had won him success. So Sim, for that was the youth's name, was in the good graces of the father as well as of the daughter.

On the day appointed for the wedding the guests moved toward the big house from all directions and in all kinds of vehicles. It was a holiday with them all, social distinctions interfering very little with a universal invitation throughout the large circle of acquaintanceship. Preparations for entertaining the assemblage were of the most elaborate and hospitable character. There was more food than is ordinarily provided for a regiment of soldiers. There were cider and apples by the barrel, and the mist that poured from the kitchen windows was freighted with appetizing odors. The parson was there, the choir from the little church was there, and a few relatives from abroad were there to enjoy the festivities.

The bountiful table was set, the bride was dressed, the parson had begun to move about uneasily, and the good wife, after visiting the veranda several times, called her husband to one side and talked briefly in a low tone. Then he knitted his brows, scanned the road in both directions and muttered to himself. Before long he put on his hat, slipped quietly up the back way and was soon on the roof, again studying the road. There were growls from the kitchen that the victuals were getting cold, and the consoling voices heard in the bride's room did not serve to drown the sound of her weeping. It was a full hour after the time appointed for the wedding, and the bridegroom had not arrived.

The old gentleman went about looking as though he wanted to hurt some one. The mother bravely kept up appearances, and the parson looked at his open face watch at least twice every three minutes. The presence of a crisis could be heard in the air, and the general nervousness increased as the time for it approached.

"Gosh!" shouted a youngster who was whittling at the horse block, "see that feller ride."

Every eye followed the direction indicated by the boy's knife blade and saw a veritable rough rider dashing down the wooded hill half a mile away. Even on the steep descent the horse was urged to his utmost, and as he straightened away on the level it could be seen that he was cruelly driven. On he came, reeking, breathing in gasps, his nostrils distended and his head straightened to ease his breathing.

"Sim," said the father sternly as the rider threw himself from the saddle, "what does this mean? You've upset everything and Hattie's almost crazy. Now, where have you been, to come galloping up here like a wild Indian, and the women folks most distracted?"

"Am I too late?" asked Sim excitedly. "Just as I got ready I see that new Holden cow I bought break out of the lower meadow, and I went after her. She got me the all firedest chase you ever heard of, and blamed if I didn't forget about the wedding till I run that critter into Webb's yard and the hired girl told me the folks had come over here."

"Cow was'n't hurt none, was she?"

"Not a bit."

"Glad of it. That's the way to look after things. Now you come right in and get married and let me do the explaining."

Sim obeyed, and there was never a merrier time at any one's marriage.—Detroit Free Press.

Throwing Things at Cats.

"It's a long time," said Mr. Glimmerman, "since I've read anything in the papers about throwing things at cats. There used to be frequent mention about how men threw bootjacks, boots, water pichers, coal scuttles and fire tongs at them. I knew a man myself once that threw a lighted lamp at a cat on a fence. He never touched the cat, but set the fence afire and had to pay \$7."

"But the custom has not fallen altogether into disuse. There is a cat in our neighborhood that walks along the back fence at night weeping and wailing in a manner most distressing to hear. For a long time these unpopular concerts were not disturbed, but night before last we heard the sound of a mighty blow upon the fence. It sounded like the crash of an immense rock. It evidently missed the cat, but it ended the concert. The cat didn't come back that night—we hope it never will. How the man got the rock over there we don't know. Surely he never could have thrown it that distance. He must have rigged up a catapult of some sort. A catapult would be very appropriate for the purpose."—New York Sun.

Strange.

Mr. Crimmonbank—Did you ever think what a funny thing a lemon is?

Mrs. Crimmonbank—Why funny?

"You know how sour it is?"

"Oh, yes!"

"Well, people take 'em to make 'em sing sweetly."—Yonkers Statesman.

Magde—But just think of making up again!—Brooklyn Life.

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A Cuckoo Caught in the Act.

Everybody has read in the natural history books how the ungrateful young cuckoo makes room in its foster mother's nest by evicting the rightful occupants, hatched and unhatched. As, however, few people have had the good fortune to see a young cuckoo, it has been rather difficult to understand exactly how the fugitive managed to turn out eggs and squabs.

A patient naturalist, John Craig, has now solved the mystery, and in *The Feathered World* there are two photos, taken under his auspices, of a young cuckoo in the very act of murdering a stepbrother. When the outline of the young cuckoo in the two pictures is once grasped, one can see how well suited for its fell purpose is the position it takes up. Head well down, legs wide apart gripping either side of the nest, wings outstretched to prevent any slipping back sideways, the unfortunate victim well poised on its broad back, the curious depression in which serves to steady it—the attitude is perfect for accomplishing the final act in the curious tragedy of nature by which a cuckoo is reared at the expense of the family of its foster parents.

What is Science? Trained and organized common sense" is Professor Huxley's definition of science. There is probably no better.

The popular mind persists in thinking that there is a wide difference between science and knowledge in general. Yes, there is a wide difference, but it is just the difference that there is between a trained and organized body of men for the accomplishing of some great work, and a crowd of men unorganized and undisciplined. What unscientific knowledge has accomplished may be roughly seen in the condition of savage races today; while the changes wrought by knowledge trained and organized, in enlarging the sum of knowledge, in extending men's power of perception, and in increasing the facilities not merely for living, but for living well, are changes in comparison with which all others recorded in history are trifling.

It will be profitable for us, in order to get a clearer idea of scientific method, to trace as briefly as possible the history of science and the development of the scientific idea.—Popular Science Monthly.

The Longest Swim.

Going with the tide, in the Thames river, Captain Matthew Webb once swam a distance of 40 miles in nine hours and 57 minutes. Montague A. Holbein, an English "long distance cyclist," swam three miles farther, although he made no such time record.

Taking the water at Blackwall pier in the early morning, says the London Chronicle, Holbein went down the river on a strong ebb, which ran until he had progressed two miles beyond Gravesend. Turning then with the tide, he came back on the flood to Blackwall. He failed to reach the pier by a mile owing to the tide falling him, and he left the water quite fresh and strong, willing, had his friends so advised, to turn again and complete 50 miles.

The distance he had thus covered—43 miles, which he swam in 12 hours 27 minutes 42 seconds—is the greatest ever known to have been covered by a swimmer, although it has been assumed that Matthew Webb, when he crossed the channel, must have been borne almost as far by the changing tides.

E. W. GROVE.

This name must appear on every box of the genuine Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets, the remedy that cures a cold in one day. 25 cents.

The Waiter Knew 'Em.

A down town restaurant was in the turmoil of the busy dinner hour. Careworn business men rushed in and swallowed a lunch as though millions depended on their haste. Waiters balanced steaming platters on the tips of their little fingers with the ease of Japanese jugglers, and everything seemed confusion. Yet there was a certain degree of discipline among the waiters, and they seemed to know their customers and their usual choice of dishes. For instance, when a pair of lantern jawed actors without an engagement entered, the waiter that listened to the order yelled out to the cook, "Two supes and a Hamamoleet!"—Detroit Free Press.

Candid.

A bachelor farmer a little past his prime, flailing himself hard up, thought the best thing he could do would be to marry a neighbor of his who was reputed to have some bawbees.

Meeting with no obstacles to his wooing he soon got married.

One of his first purchases he made with part of her money was a horse. When he brought it home he called out to his wife to see it.

"After admiring it she said, 'Well, Sam, if it hadna been for my siller it wadna have been here.'"

"Jenny," Sam replied, "if it hadna been for yer siller, yer wadna have been here yerself!"—London Answers.

Pleasures of Anticipation.

May—I shouldn't think you'd be feeling so gay after quarreling with Jack last night.

Magde—But just think of making up again!—Brooklyn Life.

Magde—But just think of making up again!—Brooklyn Life.

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Magde—But just think of making up again!—Brooklyn Life.

OLD 19'S RECORD RUN.

A Race Against Time For a Railroad Contract and a Surprise.

"When I first started in on this pike back in the eighties," said the gray haired chairman of the engineers' stove committee, "it was only a pin-feather and didn't have hardly any freight traffic to speak of. It was only a little branch connection between the R. and H. and R. and L. roads. I was put on firing for Bill Kennedy on old No. 19. I hadn't been firing here very long when the B. and H. and R. and L. people hit upon a scheme to try and use our line for a short cut for perishable stuff from one line to the other instead of taking it down to Burlington, a few miles farther south, where these roads had a junction, and sending it back again. Accordingly they decided to give us one train for a trial trip. We were to see how fast time we could make with this freight, and left very materially lessened the time of the old route our people were to get a permanent contract which would mean considerable money in their pockets. There was quite a little excitement among the engineers as to who would be the lucky man to make the trial trip, as it would be quite a feather in the successful one's cap. It fell to Bill Kennedy, with No. 19, to make the trip, and he and I were considerably elated and determined to do our best.

"The night for the fly run was very dark, but there was a good rail, and conditions were all favorable for quick time. Bill wasn't used to night running. In fact, no one was, as it was very seldom necessary for a night crew to be out on our road. For that reason there were no night telegraph offices open to keep tab on the train. But the train dispatcher at this end had been ordered to stay on duty till we arrived at Rutland Junction, which was the other end of our line then. When Bill and I got around, we found that we were to have company on the engine, as Mr. West, the super, wanted to go along to see how we fared. This put us more on our mettle, and I tell you we were the real thing when we backed over to the R. and L. siding to wait for the special.

"About 9 o'clock she rumbled in and you bet it didn't take Bill long to get No. 19 around and hooked on to her. Everything was ready, and we were soon humming along toward the R. and L. junction point at record breaking speed. Bill was just aching to make a star run, and going up Cheechunk hill, about 15 miles out, he gave her a couple of more notches on the throttle and we fairly seemed to jump forward.

"You're doing excellently, Kennedy," said West, looking at his watch; 'we've made the first 15 miles in about 45 minutes, which is excellent with 30 cars.'

"Bill never eased off on her at all, and at 10:45 we were whistling for the junction, having made the run of 45 miles in an hour and 45 minutes, which was about the top notch with a train of 30 cars for those days, and Bill's head was nearly busted with pride when West said to him:

"Mr. Kennedy, you made an excellent run."

"As we stopped at the tank, the B. and H. operator came running up breathlessly and said to Bill: 'Here's a message from Smith, your conductor. You left him behind at Cheechunk.'

"Bill looked dazed and read the message slowly while Mr. West held a lantern. It ran:

"Bill Kennedy and Superintendent West: 'A good soldier never looks behind. You left the caboose, so you must, myself and the crew behind at foot of Cheechunk hill. I had to wait four miles to get the agent to send this message. Please come back after us.'

"The message was dated from Cheechunk. In pulling her out going up the hill Bill had broken a coupling pin and left the tail end there. You never saw any one fall flatter than Kennedy and the super did. Bill never said a darn word, but gave the 23 cars we had to a yard crew of the B. and H. and it out backward for Cheechunk, 30 miles to the rear. It was 4 o'clock when we got the tail end to the junction and our road didn't get the contract that year.

"If you want to cause a small riot you just ask Bill Kennedy the next time you meet him about the record run he made with the special perishable goods train, but don't tell him I told you."—New York Sun.

\$70,000,000 For Amusements.

"There are 5,000 theaters in the United States if we count all kinds," writes Franklin Fyles in *The Ladies' Home Journal*. "More than 2,000 are fairly classed as legitimate, and over 1,000 more are devoted to vaudeville. The 2,000 others taper off in various ways. To estimate the capital invested in all this theatrical property is difficult. But about \$100,000,000 is invested in the 3,000 first class legitimate theaters. That is an average of \$33,333 each, which is low enough, some costing as much as \$500,000 each. It is equally hard to compute the money paid by Americans for theatrical amusement. Separate audiences yield from absolutely nothing, in extreme cases of failure, to as much as \$20,000 at an exceptional performance of opera. A conservative calculation is that the aggregate reaches \$70,000,000 a year. Not less than one and a half million persons sit in these theaters each weekday night in the season of at least eight months."

Best Time to Take Medicine.

According to Professor Moritz, writing in a German medical periodical, the most speedy absorption of a drug into the human system is secured by administering it with water on an empty stomach. In many cases, he says, a definite effect will thus be produced, when no effect would be perceptible from the same dose administered shortly after the taking of food. Food taken immediately after medicine retards the absorption of the drug.

FOOLED HIS FATHER.

A STORY ILLUSTRATING GRANT'S STRONG SENSE OF HONOR.

The General Wanted to Do His Duty Without Hurting His Father's Feelings, and by a Clever Little Ruse He Succeeded Admirably.

Great men frequently discover that relatives are not the most charming things to have or cultivate, after greatness comes. Were it possible to induce public men of the past and present to reveal just what they thought of their relatives the revelations might furnish some most interesting side lights on certain famous careers.

To Walpole is attributed the bitter exclamation:

"Relatives are tails to already overloaded kites."

This may be an unwelcome truth, since history contains many instances where cousins and aunts have proved treacherous stumbling blocks for ambitious leaders.

General Grant was at Memphis in command of the army of the west, and just before his elevation

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For Portsmouth and Portsmouth's Interests

You want local news? Read the Herald.
More local news than all other local dailies combined. Try it.

THURSDAY, MAY 1, 1902.

William H. Moody, the new secretary of the navy, is fortunate in two very important regards—and so is the country. He has never been mixed up in the Sampson-Schley controversy and so is not likely to permit any reopening of this sore, should partisans on either side venture to get out the probe again. Then again, he is very popular personally in both branches of congress, irrespective of party politics, which gives him a chance to make his first move on a board not blocked by antagonism. In short, he enters on his duties under highly auspicious conditions. If he keeps clear of cliques and promptly shows them the door when they start to walk into his office; if he strives to keep the navy in its present satisfactory state of efficiency; if he recognizes the rights which government yards have to construct our new battleships and cruisers, ahead of private plants; if he firmly refuses to be influenced by the howls of senators and representatives from far inland states against the increase of our battle line; if he does these things—he will be all right, and the American nation will stamp its seal of approval on his regime. We sincerely hope that he may acquit himself so as to make the country at large quite as proud of him as is his native city of Haverhill, Mass., where he is regarded as a man of exceptionally promising qualities. As Mr. Moody takes his seat in the chair occupied before him by John D. Long, he has our confidence. When he leaves it, may it be with a sense of duty well performed and with the plaudits of his fellow-countrymen ringing sweetly in his ears.

SNAP-SHOTS.

Success to the new secretary of the navy!

The Concord Monitor says May day will see screens in—no yet!

Who said the story of the cow jumping over the moon was a fairy tale?

"Money," says Bryan, "is still the essential issue with me"—shake, Colonel!

A millionaire nowadays is a man who carries a best-steak around with him.

The American state lost much of its sunshine when Sol Smith Russell died.

Peace is not very far off in the Philippines—the Boston "anti's" notwithstanding.

A lot of us have lost all interest in the Boer war since the baseball season opened in earnest.

Crowninshield called on the Illinois for Gibraltar Wednesday and may beat winds speed him on his way.

Not even a few select members of the press are admitted to these full dress rehearsals of the coronation show.

Horse-meat will never be popular in Portsmouth, so long as the sea spreads the harvest of her nets and trawls right at our feet.

If Morgan's reach keeps on extending, Santos Dumont will soon have to apply to him for a license to sail around in the air.

Boston is getting so very good-looking on Sunday that we expect to see residents of the Back Bay flapping down Beacon street and Commonwealth avenue on white wings pretty soon.

The beef trust has thousands of heads of cattle penned up that it can't get rid of—and as we pass our plates for another census of greens, fish or cabbage, it is with a snarl of ghoul-like gloe.

One Bishop Kelly of Savannah, Ga., has been throwing several fits over the fact that President Roosevelt hobnobbed once in a while with Booker T. Washington—and Mr. Washington probably has more of the instincts of the true gentleman and scholar in one little particle of the gray matter in his

brain than Bishop Kelley can ever hope to have in his whole make-up. There, now—we feel better.

The New York papers say that May Yohé, who has just returned from abroad with her very Bohemian partner, Capt. Putnam Bradley Strong, had a monkey under her arm when she came off the steamer—they might have added that she had another one trailing along after her, for "Putty" let her go down the gang plank first.

CLIPPINGS.

There never was a time which presented more serious and important questions for the consideration of the school-commencement essayist.—Washington Star.

Judge Tutbill, of Chicago, may be right in saying that a woman whose husband beats her has a right to kill him—yet it may not be politic for her to exercise that right. It might not be easy to get another.—New York World.

New Hampshire is to have a local option candidate for governor, and he is capable of making a good fight. He is not likely to be elected, but his campaign will do a great deal to crystallize a sentiment that exists in great numbers throughout the state.—Haverhill Gazette.

The law-breaking lawmakers in the senate are Tillman and McLaughlin of South Carolina, pigsticker; Money of Mississippi, assaulter with a deadly weapon; and Clark of Montana, running an automobile at excessive speed in the streets. They are all democrats. It may be remarked.—Concord Monitor.

The colonels of Kentucky have opportunity to make history this year. Mary Burkhart, a charming young woman, is making the race for congress in the tenth district of that state on the prohibition ticket. The colonel loves a mint julep and he loves women. Which will be the paramount issue?—Concord People and Patriot.

The Washington correspondent of the New York Sun gives a picture to the general impression that the United States senate is a body of rich men by asserting that "there are not fifteen senators out of the total of eighty-eight who are worth even \$10,000, to say nothing of the fabulous wealth in excess of that figure that is attributed to them."—Boston Journal.

A wealthy resident of Lockport was operated upon for appendicitis and did not survive the shock. The surgeons who cut him up discovered that the diagnosis had been wrong, as the man was not afflicted with appendicitis. There is a growing belief that resort to the knife when certain symptoms appear has been altogether too common. Recently a noted New York specialist, who has a vast experience, stated that of appendicitis he had known only ten genuine cases.—Buffalo Courier.

A RED LETTER EVENT.

Right Eminent Commander Visits Knights Templar.

The annual visitation of Right Eminent Commander Frank Luther Sanders and suite of Concord to the De Witt Clinton Commandery, Knights Templar, took place Wednesday evening at the academy on Congress street, and it was a red letter event in the history of the commandery. This occasion, which has the name of being the best of entertaining in the state, spent neither time nor expense in preparation for the occasion. A short reception was held at 8 o'clock, and was followed by the work on one candidate. A banquet was the special feature of the occasion. This was served in the banquet hall and the waiter's attitude and the serving, ten colored waiters being present. The menu was elaborate and after it was disposed of speeches were made by the visiting knights and by the officers and ex-officers of the commandery. There was a number present from Exeter, Dover and Epiphany.

BY THE PEOPLE'S VOICE.

So Should Site For Porter Statue Be Chosen.

Herald Wishes To Learn Public Opinion On The Matter.

Fill Out The Ballot In This Issue And Send It In At Once.

There has been much talk and considerable newspaper discussion of late over the proper site for the Fitz John Porter statue.

Numerous sites have been advanced as proper for the location of this gift and in each and every instance, you will hear some objection raised, such as: "The will forbids—there is not enough room—what will you do with the fountain?"—etc.

Perhaps those who object in the strongest terms over a certain site have some selfish motive, some axe to grind, but the statue must have a site and the proper one to select the same are the public at large.

Let us try to feel the public pulse in the question.

Those whose opinions count for the most in the matter do not stand on the street corners and give voice to their preferences, neither do they play a reporter and try to get into print an anonymous communication.

It is for this class of people that the Herald proposes the following popular vote:

SITE FOR Fitz John Porter Statue.

I favor _____ as a Site.

Signed _____

Residence _____

Only one vote can be cast, and the sender must sign his name and give residence

Let the citizens, regardless of politics, decide the important question by ballot.

From now until May 15th a ballot will appear in every issue of the Herald and you can vote by simply filling in your name and either mailing the ballot or handing it in at this office.

Only one vote can be cast by each. If you are not a subscriber to The Herald, all you have to do is to call at the office and obtain a ballot. It is not necessary for you to have a copy in order to vote as The Herald will endeavor to obtain a fair expression of the minds of the people.

On May 15, a committee of citizens will count the ballots and the result will be announced in the paper.

MORGAN, NOW CHIEF GUNNER.

Recommendation That He Be Advanced Approved By Secretary Long.

Gunner Charles Morgan of the navy

has at last succeeded in attaining the new commissioned grade of chief gunner. Morgan was recently examined by a board of chief gunners to determine his fitness for promotion and the board reported that while he was mentally and professionally qualified, his general reputation was such that his promotion could not be recommended on moral grounds.

Secretary Long determined to give Morgan another chance and another board of chief gunners was appointed to examine him. This board has reported that Morgan is mentally, professionally and morally eligible and his recommendation that he be advanced to the grade of Chief Gunner was approved by Secretary Long on Tuesday. Chief Gunner Patrick Lynch of this navy yard served on this second board.

Morgan first attained prominence in 1898 through intelligent work in determining the cause of the disaster to the Maine. Two years ago he asked Admiral Sampson to endorse his application for examination for a commission as ensign. Admiral Sampson did not, but in his official comment expressed the opinion that there were few other warrant officers who were capable, by reason of lack of education, refinement and other things, of holding commissions in the naval service.

The endorsement of Admiral Sampson was given to newspapers and its publication brought him in for criticism. The navy department declined to order Morgan before an examining board on the grounds that he was beyond the age limit prescribed by law for ensigns.

A LUCKY ACCIDENT.

Like a great many other important discoveries, the knowledge that Frank Daniels' proper field was comic opera came about by accident. After he had played in Hoyt's A Rag Baby and in Little Truck so long that he had become tired of farce comedy, he was suddenly called upon one time to play the part of Shrimps in Willard Spenser's comic opera, Princess Bonnie.

None of his former successes would compare with the hit he made in this part and the minute Kirtie LaShelle saw him his future was sealed. "After this, the time light and the center of the stage for you," said LaShelle. "All right, I can stand it if you can," said Daniels. And he has lived happily ever after. Daniels is to come to Music Hall soon in his new piece, Miss Simplicity, in which he has been appearing at the New York Casino during the past few months.

PLANT SYSTEM MILEAGE.

One thousand mile books of the Plant System of Railways good from Washington to Charleston, Savannah, Montgomery, Thomasville, Jacksonville, Tampa, Albany, Brunswick and all intermediate points. Rate \$25 each. On sale at office of J. J. Farnsworth, Eastern Passenger Agent, No. 290 Broadway, New York.

YOUR UNCLE SAM.

New Hampshire Boy Grew Up to Give His Country Its Sobriquet.

The sobriquet of "Uncle Sam," by which the United States is now known the world over, was given to his country by a New Hampshire boy and this has been recalled by the sale on Wednesday in Mason, this state, of the homestead of the original Uncle Sam.

"Uncle Sam" was first heard of during the war with England, from 1812 to 1815. He was born Sept. 10, 1766, and in 1800, with another brother, Edward J., located in Troy, N. Y.

When the war with England broke out he became a large contractor for government supplies. The packages of supplies, which consisted of beef and pork, when sent to the United States government depots were marked "U. S.," and the people questioned what those magic letters stood for. They were informed that the packer was "Uncle Sam Wilson" and of course they meant "Uncle Sam."

The transition from the United States to Uncle Sam was so easy that it was at once made, it tickled the public fancy and the name of the packer of the United States provisions was immediately transferred to the government, and became familiar not only through the army, but the whole country. He died in Troy, July 21, 1854.

The farm in Mason on which these men lived when boys fell into the hands of Capt. Thomas Wilson, the younger brother of "Uncle Sam," and then to his son, Deacon Thomas B. Wilson. The property has been in possession of the Wilson family for 122 years, and the sale is due to the death of its last owner, Mrs. Persis Wilson.

CONDITION OF CROPS.

The outlook for staple crops is still considered good, although the weather has retarded the growth of some. There has been much preparation of the soil, and miscellaneous work done. In the south more rain is needed, while in the northeastern sections there is need of more sunshine and warm weather. Tent caterpillars are reported as coming out early and in large numbers.

Grass.—It is generally conceded that for the season of the year the grass crop is in excellent condition. The cool nights have retarded a too rapid growth and tended to thicken it. A correspondent in southwestern Massachusetts states that in all his experience as a practical farmer he never saw a more promising outlook for a good crop.

Grain.—Wheat sown in the south are doing well, and in the north their sowing is in progress.

Fruit.—Mam, pear, and peach trees are in bloom in some sections, with the buds ready to burst in others, as soon as there is warm weather. The outlook is promising. Although somewhat winter-killed in some localities, raspberries are in advance of the season. Blackberries are backward.

Vegetables.—Many gardens have been planted and news are already in the south, making a good growth. Asparagus has been cut, although some beds were injured by frost.

Tobacco.—Reports from the Connecticut river valley indicate that the tobacco beds are well advanced, and increased acreage probable, and every prospect of a good crop.

GLUT OF HALIBUT.

There is a genuine glut of fresh halibut market and more can be expected. Receipts of western halibut have been extra large and local receipts have been unusually heavy since a week ago Monday. In all it is estimated that today there are 450,000 pounds of fresh halibut in first hands in New York, Boston and this port.

At New York 100,000 pounds are on hand, at this port the halibut concerns have 75,000 pounds on hand, and at Boston are 275,000 pounds, including seven cars of Pacific halibut and the 100,000 pound fare of schooner Preceptor at T wharf, Boston.

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Pres., John T. Mallon;
Vice Pres., James Lyons;
Rec. Sec., Francis Quinn.
Composed of delegates from all the local unions.
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Pres., E. P. Gidney;
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Meets 28 Market street, first Monday of the month.

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Meets first and third Thursdays of the month in Longshoremen's hall, Market street.

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Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Longshoremen's hall, Market street.

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Meets in Longshoremen's hall, first Friday of each month.

GRANITE CUTTERS.

Pres., John T. Mallon;
Sec., James McNaughton.
Meets third Friday of each month at A. O. H. hall.

CARPENTERS UNION.

Pres., Frank Dennett;
Rec. Sec., John Parsons.
Meets in G. A. R. hall, second and fourth Thursdays of each month.

LONGSHOREMEN.

Pres., Jere. Conliff;
Sec., Michael Leydig.
Meets first and third Wednesdays of each month in Longshoremen's hall, Market street.

BOTTLERS.

Pres., Dennis E. Drislane;
Sec., Eugene Sullivan.
Meets second and fourth Thursdays of each month at Peirce hall, High street.

BREWERY WORKERS.

Pres., Albert Adams;
Rec. Sec., Richard P. Fullam;
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Meets second and fourth Thursdays of the month, at 38 Market street.

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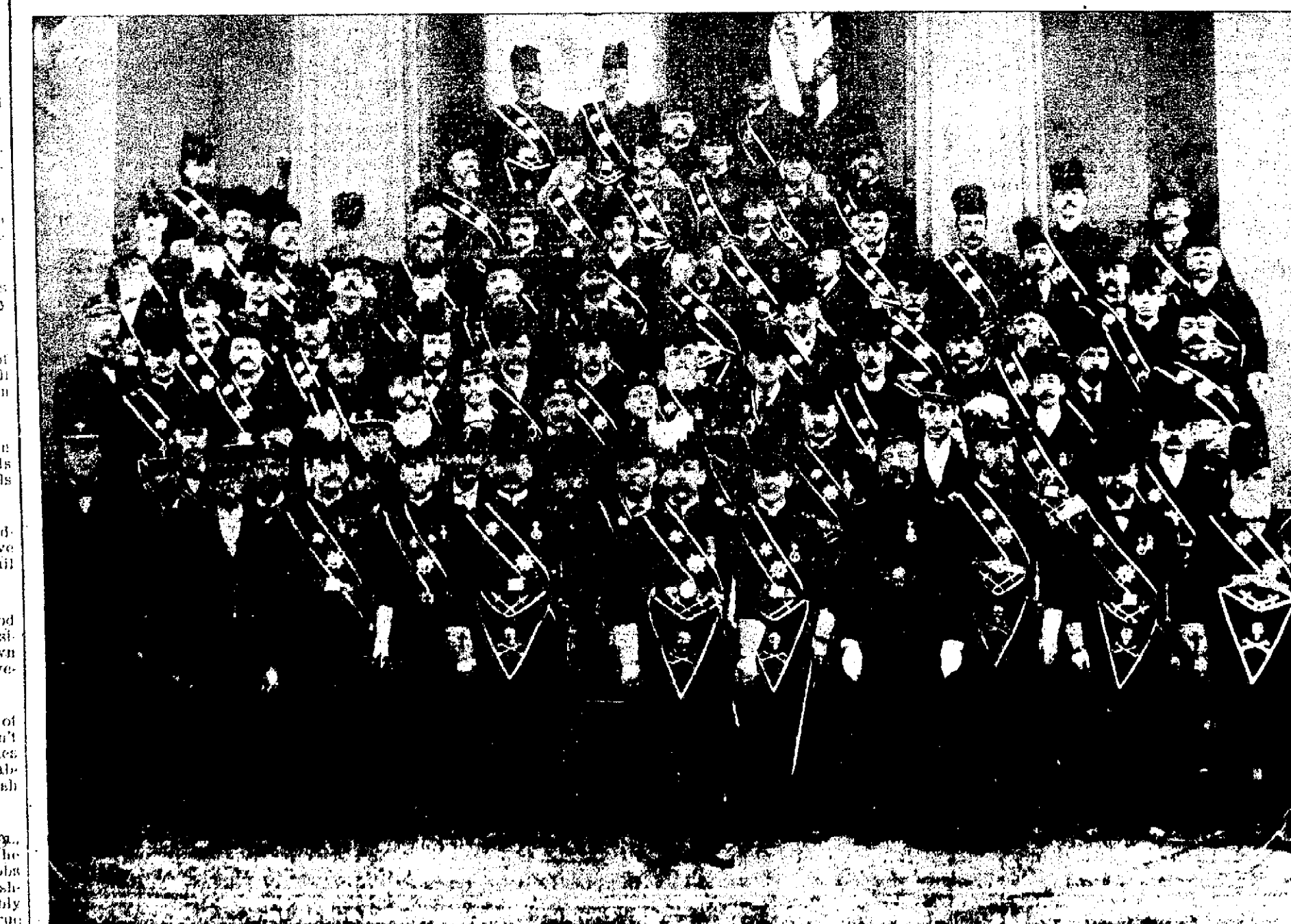
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a. m., 2:23

Jay, 3:50.

p. m.

For Portland—

6:22, 8:50.

8:30, 10:45.

For Wells Be

6:22, p. m.

For Old Orch:

a. m., 2:45

8:30, a. m.

For North Co

p. m.

For Somerswo

m., 2:40, 2:

For Rocheste

2:40, 2:45.

ERN DIVISION. A FORECASTER MUST BE A MANY SIDED SORT OF MAN. THE MANY WOES THAT HAUNT THE STREET CAR CONDUCTOR.

Portsmouth Electric Railway. Time Table to Effect Daily, Commencing September 26, 1901. Main Line. Leave Market Square for Rye Beach and Little Bear's Head, connecting for Exeter and Newburyport, at 7:05 a. m., 8:05 and hourly until 8:05 p. m. For Cable Road only at 5:30 a. m., 6:55 a. m. and 10:05 p. m. For Little Bear's Head only at 8:05 and 9:05 p. m. 1:05, 5:05, 7:05, 8:05 and 9:05 p. m. cars make close connection for North Hampton. Returning—Leave Junction with E. H. & A. St. Ry. at 8:03 a. m., 9:05 and hourly until 9:05 p. m. Leave Cable Road at 6:10 a. m., 7:30 a. m. and 10:35 p. m. Leave Little Bear's Head at 9:10 and 10:10 p. m. Plains Loop. Up Middle Street—Leave Market Square at 6:35 a. m., 7:05, 7:35 and half-hourly until 10:05 p. m., and at 10:35 and 11:05. Up Islington Street—Leave Market Square at 6:35 a. m., 7:05, 7:35 and half-hourly until 10:05 p. m. and at 10:35 and 11:05. Last car each night runs to barn only. Running time to Plains, 12 minutes. Christian Shore Line. Leave Market Square for B. & M. Station and Christian Shore at 6:25 a. m., 7:05, 7:35 and half-hourly until 10:05 p. m., and at 10:35 and 11:05. Returning—Leave Corner Bartlett and Morning Streets at 6:10 a. m., 6:50, 7:20 and half-hourly until 9:50 p. m., and at 10:20 and 11:50. *Omitted Sundays. **Saturdays only. W. T. Perkins, Supt. D. J. Flanders, G. P. & T. A.

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U. S. Navy Yard Ferry. TIME TABLE. April 1 Until September 30. Leaves Navy Yard—7:55, 8:20, 8:40, 9:15, 10:00, 10:30, 11:45 a. m.; 1:35, 2:00, 3:00, 4:05, 5:00, 5:30, 7:15 a. m. Sundays, 10:00, 10:15 a. m.; 12:15, 12:35 p. m. Holidays, 9:30, 10:30, 11:30 a. m. Leaves Portsmouth—8:10, 8:30, 8:50, 9:30, 10:15, 11:00 a. m.; 12:15, 1:45, 2:15, 3:30, 4:30, 5:20, 6:00 10:00 p. m. Sundays 10:07 a. m.; 12:05, 12:25, 12:45 p. m. Holidays, 10:00, 11:00 a. m.; 12:00 m. *Wednesdays and Saturdays. P. F. HARRINGTON, Captain, U. S. N., Captain of the Yard. Approved: B. J. CROMWELL, Rear Admiral, U. S. N., Commandant. Plant System Playing Cards. Deck of beautifully finished playing cards, in fine gold-stamped case, sent upon receipt of twenty-five cents in silver or stamps. Address, J. J. FARNSWORTH, EASTERN PASS. AGENT, 280 Broadway, New York.

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Let Your Dog Scratch. "It's a bit curious," said Mr. Dave Wilson, the bird fancier, "how animals are actuated by instinct. Have you ever owned a dog? Well, if you have, I'll warrant you've been annoyed by his scratching up a garden bed—your own or another's. And yet the dog does not mean to be mischievous. Some dogs there are who naturally take to digging. That is their breed, and they're after the animals that burrow in the soil. Of course there are the truffle dogs, who are educated to locate the plant and to dig for it, but that isn't a natural instinct. Aside from these instances, when a dog begins to scratch up the dirt, he is simply dulling the surplus growth of his nails. Dogs, you know, have no manures, and so they must get rid of their surplus claws as best they may. Don't blame the dog when he scratches the dirt. Cut his claws carefully, and he will be grateful.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

There are some decided disadvantages about asbestos scenery," said Theatrical Artist Theodore Behr. "The first and foremost is its enormous expense. The cost of asbestos canvas is almost prohibitive, and there is no special reason for believing that it will ever be any cheaper. The mineral fiber of which it is made is not overabundant, and it is hard to mine and difficult to weave. "Then, again, the fabric does not afford a good painting surface. It has an indescribable greasy feeling and soaks up colors like a piece of blotting paper. It is impossible to obtain bold, sweeping effects, and the paint has to be dabbed on in a way that calls for unlimited time and patience. No scenic artist likes to work on the stuff. However, the cost is the essential handicap, and if the material was cheaper all large theaters would employ it on account of the reduction it secures in insurance rates. "At the same time its general introduction would contribute very little to safety. Modern theaters are invariably provided with nonflammable drop curtains, and such precautions are taken back of the stage that a fire in the scenery is next to impossible. Nowadays it is the rarest thing in the world for a fire to originate in that quarter during a performance."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Bees as They Battle. It is amusing to watch a guard bee seize upon an enemy and conquer him. The bee holds the hostile insect in its front legs, pitching it and rolling it about, and also stinging it if possible. When the invader is made helpless, the conquering bee still holds her victim in her forelegs, makes strenuous efforts to fly with the heavy burden, and, finally succeeding, she rises with her closely clasped victim, and when at a certain distance from the hive drops it. Sometimes it takes several of the guards to overcome the struggling enemy, and together they push the insect over the porch of the hive. The bees, if simply wounded, sometimes succeed in getting back to their own hive, but, being incapacitated for work, they are no longer welcome there and only meet with repulse from their fellow colonists, and, excluded from their hive, they crawl off somewhere and die. For, in the co-operation of the colony of bees, each has her appointed task, either to gather pollen, bring water or honey or to nurse the young bees or guard the hive, and when untried for these tasks and no longer necessary to the welfare of the colony she is turned out to perish.—Hartford Courant.

Two Strings to His Bow. "One half the world doesn't know how the other half lives half its time," said the young housekeeper, "and what makes me reflect in that awfully profound way is something I discovered today, which has robbed me of a good deal of my charity. "The kitchen chairs needed mending, and I'd been advised to have them attended to by a skillful, though sightless, man called 'Blind Alker.' He is known among his customers to be married and in comfortable circumstances, and his home bears witness to this, but when I entered his little workshop what was my amazement to discover in him the blind street singer who so often stations himself on our corner in the evenings and to whom we had often given money. As a beggar he was dirty and miserable; as a carrier of chairs he was brisk, clean and businesslike. "I hadn't the heart to tell him that he ought to be ashamed of himself, and the chairs had to be mended, so I gave him my order and came away. But I've been thinking a lot about it ever since, and I wonder what explanation he would give if I told him I'd found him out."—New York Commercial Advertiser.

THE WAYS WE LAUGH

THEY DIFFER AS MUCH AS DO OUR VOICES OR OUR FACES.

While men commonly use the A and O style, women usually indulge in the E and I brand—A laugh that won Napoleon a battle.

Since the days of Adam, who is said to have invented laughter when he awoke and saw Eve by his side, no two people have laughed alike. The laugh is as distinct as the voice. Women laugh differently from men, children from women; indeed, even the laugh of a full bearded man is different from that which he laughs when he has shaved.

The Abbe Damasceni thought he had discovered in the various enunciations of laughter a sure guide to the temperaments of the laughers. Thus he said: "Ha! ha! ha!" belonged to a choleric person; "He! he! he!" to a phlegmatic one, and "Ho! ho! ho!" to the sanguine. And it is a scientific fact that, while men commonly laugh in A and O, women usually laugh in E and I.

Those who practice laughing to any extent have been divided vitally into dimplers—and to know how charming they can be one has only to go back to Charles Reade's "Simpleton" with a "Dimple"—smilers, grinners, horse laughers and sneerers. This is to lay down a science of laughing, for which there might have been need had our generals in the late war taken up the idea of old Bulow, who proposed to form troops, in face of the enemy, in line of battle and order them to advance with their arms at a shoulder and salute the foe with ringing bursts of laughter.

"Be sure," said Bulow, "that your opponents, surprised and dismayed at this astonishing salute, would turn about and run off."

Perhaps this scheme would not work now, while the present long range artillery is used; but, as a matter of fact, it is related that the Mamelukes once turned tail from an assault upon the French in Egypt on hearing the roar of laughter with which Napoleon's veterans greeted the command, "Form in squares, asses and men of science in the center."

Great men often have fancied it a part of greatness to refrain from hilarity. Philip IV of Spain is said to have laughed only once in his life. That was when his bride, Anne of Austria, wept at hearing that the queens of Spain had no feet. She took with German literalness an old piece of Spanish courtesy. As she was journeying toward Spain some German nuns met her and desired to present some stockings of their own knitting. The worthy princess was about to accept the gift when a Spanish grandee of her suit interfered with the remark that it would be against etiquette, as the queens of Spain were not supposed to have any use for stockings, whereat the princess began to weep, understanding, poor woman, that on her arrival in Spain her feet would be cut off.

Lord Chesterfield said, "Nobody has seen me laugh since I have come to my reason," and Congress makes his Lord Froth in the "Double Dealer" say, "When I laugh, I always laugh alone." Young people and fools laugh easily, says an old proverb, which often has proved true.

Nevertheless the sinner Robert gave lessons in laughter in Paris and in London in 1805, and, so far at least as filling his own purse went, with success. He held that men and women could not laugh "decently and systematically" without proper training and said that a person who could laugh only in one tone seemed to him like one who could say only one word, but that a trained laughter should express many things.

It is a curious fact that it is only among the French and among the ancients that we read of people laughing themselves to death. We, in our days, must have either more jokes or a duller appreciation of wit. Xenius is said to have died of laughing at a painting of an old woman, his own handiwork. Philomena expired laughing at a donkey who ate contentedly the philosopher's figs that, with his last articulate breath, he sent out his last glass of wine to the beast, who drank it with equal enjoyment and thus proved himself, it would seem, not such a donkey after all.

It remains true, however, that laughter is good for the health. "Laugh and grow fat" is the old proverb. Sydenham maintained that the arrival of a clown in a village was as wholesome as that of 20 donkeys laden with drugs. Tissot, the famous French physician, cured consumption and liver complaints by causing his patients to laugh, and Erasmus, through immoderate laughter at the rude Latin of Hatten's "Letters of Obscure Men," broke an internal abscess which had long plagued him.

"When a man smiles, and much more when he laughs, it adds something to his fragment of life," said Sterne, who wished laughter enumerated in the materia medica, holding it as a curative of the same kind as coughing, sneezing and perhaps vomiting, only much pleasanter than any of these.

Queer Business Combinations. Some Chicago men carry on at the same time two or more different lines of business. Sometimes these combinations are laughable. Over the door of a store in Wells street is a sign which announces "Wholesale Papercorn and School of Magic." In the window of an office in Madison street is an announcement that within are to be had "Books on Love and Poultry Raising." A South Side humorist has a placard in his basement window which reads, "Lunches Put Up and Carpets Put Down."

BATTLE OF FORT DOWLING.

A Remarkable Engagement of Which Little Has Been Written.

Where the Gulf of Mexico comes into the Sabine lake, on the coast of Texas, near the Louisiana line, there is a narrow channel of water which is about 400 yards wide. On the north bank of this little channel today one sees the smokestack a few feet above the water of a sunken boat. Just opposite to it, on the southern bank, there is a dirt wall, square in its shape and about ten feet high and over this a painted sign that reads "Fort Dowling." That is all that now lives as evidence of a thrilling drama, the equal of which the world has never seen, and that was played out at this place back yonder in the closing days of our civil war.

General Banks, with plenty of men and boats and plenty of ammunition and supplies, had gone up the Red river into Louisiana and was hammering Kirby Smith and Dick Taylor into destruction. The Federal government conceived the idea that Smith and Taylor might be attacked in the rear by an expedition landed on the shores of Sabine lake and consisting of some 10,000 men, who would be transported to their landing by a part of the Federal fleet.

To reach the banks of the lake, of course, it was necessary to go through Sabine pass, this narrow channel of which I have spoken. Richard Dowling, in command of about 40 men, was acting as a scout for Smith and Taylor and saw the evidence of the coming of this fleet of gunboats and transports and, with his 40 men, took possession of a little sand fort at the mouth of the pass, in which there were three or four 6 pounders and perhaps a siege gun. There he waited with guns loaded and instructions given to his men that they must not fire until the gunboats came well abreast of him, only about 300 yards away.

His plan of action was not to shoot until they were immediately opposite, and then to discharge his whole battery at the gunboat. This was done successfully; his boilers were exploded, and, together with hundreds of soldiers, she sank to the spot where she now rests. Many died from the steam that scalded them, more from the water that engulfed them.

Loading his guns, he sank the next vessel with the same disastrous result to the enemy and, landing yet again, he turned his guns on the transport following, with a thousand men aboard of her. She, in response, ran up a white flag. The rest of the fleet turned and sailed away, leaving the dead bodies of the drowned soldiers and the sunken vessels. Dowling, in a dugout (this is a hollowed log or a canoe, as it is variously called), piddled himself out to receive the surrender of this transport with a thousand men. The commander of the vessel expressed his surprise at such a reception of his white flag token and asked why the commander of the fort didn't come in person to receive his surrender.

Dowling replied, "I am the commander and have come in person," to which the captain said, "Well, what do you mean by coming this way in a canoe by yourself?"

Dowling answered, "I have no other way of getting here, and hence I came in my dugout."

He received the surrender, paroled the prisoners, for he could not take them in charge, and went back to his comrades. Of these 40, only one had received a wound at all, though the gunboats had shelled the little mud earthwork diligently.

In the history of the world nothing similar, unless it be the battle of New Orleans, has ever happened, and yet, such is the large carelessness of the southern character in recording its wonderful and numerous deeds of heroism, that but little notice has ever been taken of this extraordinary battle.—Nashville Democracy.

The Peculiar Prison Bird.

The peculiarity of the prison bird, a feathered beauty of Africa, is that he is the most tyrannical and jealous of husbands, imprisoning his mate throughout her nesting time. Livingstone watched the bird's habits while in Moumpou and in his subsequent observations referred to the nest as a prison and the female bird as a slave.

The nest is built in the hollow of a tree through an opening in the bark. As soon as it is completed the mother bird enters carefully and fearfully and settles down in it. Then papa walls up the opening, leaving only just space enough for air and food to pass through. He keeps faithful guard and brings food at regular intervals without fail. The female thrives under her enforced retirement. But if the prison bird is killed or in any other way prevented from fulfilling his duties the mother and her little ones must die of starvation, for she cannot feed herself from bondage.

Normally the imprisonment lasts until the chicks are old enough to fly. Then the male bird destroys the barrier with his beak and liberates his family. "It is charming," writes Livingstone, "to see the joy with which the little prisoners greet the light and the unknown world."

Wonderful Patience of a Haitian.

As far as I was able to judge, the Haitian is entirely devoid of nerves or feeling of any kind. Upon one occasion I saw one undertake to split a stick. He stood it on end, placed his machete on top, reached out for another stick which he used as a mallet, and while doing so the piece of wood fell over. Twenty-three times he repeated the operation before he accomplished his object. He never uttered a swear word, looked annoyed or hurried his action, and he was not working by the day either it was piecework, on contract, for my host.—Harper's Magazine.

A ROYAL LOVE STORY

HOW CZAR-NICHOLAS II WOODED AND WON HIS ORPHAN COUSIN.

There were grave objections to the match, and the young couple had many enemies, but love finally triumphed over all.

The czar, Nicholas II, always loved his orphan cousin, and as they met somewhat frequently he did not lack opportunity of discovering for himself that his love was reciprocated. But there were grave objections to the match, and the young lovers had many enemies. The czar's parents opposed the union with all the emphasis they could command. Princess Alix was a Lutheran, and Nicholas belonged to the Greek church. To Alexander III this was almost a fatal objection to their marriage, and everything was done that could be done to convince the young heir to all the Russias that he must accept another bride. Even Queen Victoria joined the little army arrayed against the lovers. Princess Alix was her favorite granddaughter, and she did not wish her to change her religion or to face the perils of the Russian throne.

There was another serious objection too. Both the lovers were delicate, and Alexander III was naturally anxious that the throne of Russia should be occupied by his son's son. At last the obstinate czarowitz was sent on a long voyage round the world, it being hoped that in the constant change of scene he would forget his love and come back prepared to do as he was told. The love which had bound Nicholas to his orphan cousin was not, however, a thing that could be put off in a new country, and the heir apparent went back to Russia more determined than ever not to marry unless he loved. The voyage had greatly improved his health, so that part of the objection was removed.

But there still remained the religious objection, and Nicholas pressed his suit. He was fortunate in securing two powerful allies, the then Duchess of Edinburgh and the Grand Duchess Serge, sister of the princess. Together these women were able to overcome the father's objections, but Queen Victoria had yet to be won over. It was no easy task to convert the queen, but it was done at length. The Duchess of Edinburgh persuaded the Prince of Wales, and the Princess Victoria prevailed upon her majesty. Then, as if to compensate the young people for their disappointments, the queen suggested that they should visit England. Prince Louis of Battenberg invited the princess to Walton-on-Thames, and thither the young man who was to rule 100,000,000 of human beings came to win the hand and heart of the woman he loved.

One would have thought that now the task was easy, but the princess was not easily won. It others had felt that she should not change her creed, she herself had felt so even more strongly. Years before, when the czarowitz first spoke of love to her, she had not listened, because of her horror of having to change her creed, in which she is said to have devoutly believed, and her strong religious nature had only rooted this objection deeper and deeper as the years went by. What happened at Walton, how passionately the devoted Nicholas pleaded, we do not know. But we know that a year afterward, at the wedding of her brother, the Grand Duke Ernest of Hesse, and Princess Victoria Melita of Coburg, the betrothal was publicly announced. The czarowitz had turned up at Coburg at the last moment, not having been expected until shortly before he arrived. "I am determined at last to have an answer out of her own mouth," he said to his parents as he started.

A day or two before the princess had talked of her lover with tears in her eyes. She gave vent to her religious scruples before her brother. "You do not love him, then?" said the Grand Duke Ernest. And the answer, "Oh, yes; I do—I do," showed how painful the struggle in her mind must have been.

The queen was the first to be informed of the news that the czarowitz had proposed and been accepted, and there was great joy among their friends that at last the long wooing was over. Then came the illness of Alexander III, and the princess was summoned to Livadia to nurse the dying czar. When the monarch passed away and her lover was emperor of Russia, Princess Alix wore no signs of mourning. It was a happy thought of the widowed empress that no needless pain should mar the joy of the bride who was so soon to share her son's throne, and the house of mourning was brightened day by day by the beautiful, sad figure of the future empress dressed in purest white. It was thought best that there should be no delay for form's sake, and the funeral was quickly followed by a wedding. On Nov. 26, 1894, at the age of 22, Princess Alix became empress of Russia.—Young Women.

The Way It Looked.

At last the hotel clerk permitted the guest on the far side of the counter to speak to him.

"May I inquire," said the guest diffidently, "who that modest gentleman was you were talking to a moment ago?"

"Oh," replied the clerk. "That was the old man."

"And who is the old man, pray?"

"The owner of the house, of course."

"Is that so?" was the astonished remark. "Well, I never would have thought he was."

"Why not?"

"Because I was so dead sure in my mind that you owned the whole shebang."—Detroit Free Press.

SIM WAS LATE.

The Kind Old Gentleman Did the Explaining For Him.

They are middle aged married people now, but their wedding is kept in greener remembrance than that of many a couple since married in the same community. He was a young hardworking farmer out near the middle of the state, she the blooming daughter of a neighboring farmer who had accumulated a nice fortune, had a fine tract of land, a pretentious country home and a family that was looked up to by most of the community. He had worked his own way to the front, and there was nothing that he admired more in young men than the qualities that had won him success. So Sim, for that was the youth's name, was in the good graces of the father as well as of the daughter.

On the day appointed for the wedding the guests moved toward the big house from all directions and in all kinds of vehicles. It was a holiday with them all, social distinctions interfering very little with a universal invitation throughout the large circle of acquaintanceship. Preparations for entertaining the assemblage were of the most elaborate and hospitable character. There was more food than is ordinarily provided for a regiment of soldiers. There were elder and apples by the barrel, and the mist that poured from the kitchen windows was freighted with appetizing odors. The parson was there, the choir from the little church was there, and a few relatives from abroad were there to enjoy the festivities.

The bountiful table was set, the bride was dressed, the parson had begun to move about uneasily, and the good wife, after visiting the veranda several times, called her husband to one side and talked briefly in a low tone. Then he knitted his brows, scanned the road in both directions and muttered to himself. Before long he put on his hat, slipped quietly up the back way and was soon on the roof, again studying the road. There were growls from the kitchen that the victuals were getting cold, and the consoling voices heard in the bride's room did not serve to drown the sound of her weeping. It was a full hour after the time appointed for the wedding, and the bridegroom had not arrived.

The old gentleman went about looking as though he wanted to hurt some one. The mother bravely kept up appearances, and the parson looked at his open face watch at least twice every three minutes. The presence of a crisis could be heard in the air, and the general nervousness increased as the time for it approached.

"Gosh!" shouted a youngster who was whittling at the horse block, "see that feller ride."

Every eye followed the direction indicated by the boy's knife blade and saw a veritable rough rider dashing down the wooded hill half a mile away. Even on the steep descent the horse was urged to his utmost, and as he straightened away on the level it could be seen that he was cruelly driven. On he came, reeking, breathing in gasps, his nostrils distended and his head straightened to ease his breathing.

"Sim," said the father sternly as the rider threw himself from the saddle, "what does this mean? You've upset everything and Hattie's almost crazy. Now, where have you been, to come galloping up here like a wild Indian, and the women folks most distracted?"

"Am I too late?" asked Sim excitedly. "Just as I got ready I see that new Holstein cow I bought break out in the winter mow, and I went after her. She got me the all fired chase you ever heard of, and blamed if I didn't forget about the wedding till I run that critter into Webb's yard and the hired girl told me the folks had come over here."

"How was't hurt none, was she?"

"Not a bit."

"Glad of it. That's the way to look after things. Now you come right in and get married and let me do the explaining."

Sim obeyed, and there was never a murmur time at any one's marriage.—Detroit Free Press.

Throwing Things at Cats.

"It's a long time," said Mr. Glimmerton, "since I've read anything in the papers about throwing things at cats. There used to be frequent mention about how men threw bootjacks, boots, water pitchers, coal scuttles and fire tongs at them. I knew a man myself once that threw a lighted lamp at a cat on a fence. He never touched the cat, but set the fence afire and had to pay \$7.

"But the custom has not fallen altogether into disuse. There is a cat in our neighborhood that walks along the back fence at night, weeping and waiting in a manner most distressing to hear. For a long time these unpopular concerts were not disturbed, but night before last we heard the sound of a mighty blow upon the fence. It sounded like the crash of an immense rock. It evidently missed the cat, but it ended the concert. The cat didn't come back that night—we hope it never will. How the man got the rock over there we don't know. Surely he never could have thrown it that distance. He must have rigged up a catapult of some sort. A catapult would be very appropriate for the purpose."—New York Sun.

Strange.

Mr. Crimmonbeak—Did you ever think what a funny thing a lemon is?

Mrs. Crimmonbeak—Why funny?

"You know how sour it is?"

"Oh, yes!"

"Well, people take 'em to make 'em sing sweetly."—Yonkers Statesman.

A Cuckoo Caught in the Act.

Everybody has read in the natural history books how the ungrateful young cuckoo makes room in its foster mother's nest by evicting the rightful occupants, hatched and unhatched. As, however, few people have had the good fortune to see a young cuckoo, it has been rather difficult to understand exactly how the ingrate managed to turn out eggs and squabs.

A patient naturalist, John Craig, has now solved the mystery, and in "The Feathered World" there are two photos, taken under his auspices, of a young cuckoo in the very act of murdering a stepbrother. When the outline of the young cuckoo in the two pictures is once grasped, one can see how well suited for its fell purpose is the position it takes up. Head well down, legs wide apart gripping either side of the nest, wings outstretched to prevent any slipping back sideways, the unfortunate victim well poised on its broad back, the curious depression in which serves to steady it—the attitude is perfect for accomplishing the final act in the curious tragedy of nature by which a cuckoo is reared at the expense of the family of its foster parents.

What Is Science?

"Trained and organized common sense" is Professor Huxley's definition of science. There is probably no better.

The popular mind persists in thinking that there is a wide difference between science and knowledge in general. Yes, there is a wide difference, but it is just the difference that there is between a trained and organized body of men for the accomplishing of some great work, and a crowd of men unorganized and undisciplined. What unscientific knowledge has accomplished may be roughly seen in the condition of savage races today; while the changes wrought by knowledge trained and organized, in enlarging the sum of knowledge, in extending men's power of perception, and in increasing the facilities not merely for living, but for living well, are changes in comparison with which all others recorded in history are trifling.

It will be profitable for us, in order to get a clearer idea of scientific method, to trace as briefly as possible the history of science and the development of the scientific idea.—Popular Science Monthly.

The Longest Swim.

Going with the tide, in the Thames river, Captain Matthew Webb once swam a distance of 40 miles in nine hours and 57 minutes. Montague A. Holbein, an English "long distance cyclist," swam three miles farther, although he made no such time record.

Taking the water at Blackwall pier in the early morning, says the London Chronicle, Holbein went down the river on a strong ebb, while rain until he had progressed two miles beyond Gravesend. Turning then with the tide, he came back on the flood to Blackwall. He failed to reach the pier by a mile owing to the tide falling him, and he left the water quite fresh and strong, willing, had his friends so advised, to turn again and complete 50 miles.

The distance he had thus covered—43 miles, which he swam in 12 hours 27 minutes 42 seconds—is the greatest ever known to have been covered by a swimmer, although it has been assumed that Matthew Webb, when he crossed the channel, must have been borne almost as far by the changing tides.

E. W. GROVE.

This name must appear on every box of the genuine Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets, the remedy that cures a cold in one day. 25 cents.

The Walter Knew 'Em.

A down town restaurant was in the turmoil of the busy dinner hour. Careworn business men rushed in and swallowed a lunch as though millions depended on their haste. Waiters balanced steaming platters on the tips of their little fingers with the ease of Japanese jugglers, and everything seemed confusion. Yet there was a certain degree of discipline among the waiters, and they seemed to know their customers and their usual choice of dishes. For instance, when a pair of lantern jawed actors without an engagement entered, the waiter that listened to the order yelled out to the cook, "Two supes and a Hamomet!"—Detroit Free Press.

Candid.

A bachelor farmer a little past his prime, finding himself hard up, thought the best thing he could do would be to marry a neighbor of his who was reputed to have some bawbees.

Meeting with no obstacles to his wooing he soon got married.

One of his first purchases he made with part of her money was a horse. When he brought it home he called out his wife to see it.

After admiring it she said, "Well, Sam, if it hadna been for my siller it wadna have been here."

"Jenny," Sam replied, "if it hadna been for yer siller, yer wadna have been yer self!"—London Answers.

Pleasures of Anticipation.

May-I shouldn't think you'd be feeling so gay after quarreling with Jack last night?

Madge—But just think of making up again!—Brooklyn Life.

His Position Answered.

"That young couple must be engaged."

"Do they act spoony?"

"No, but he smokes a pipe now when they walk out in the evening."—Chicago Record.

OLD 19'S RECORD RUN.

A Race Against Time For a Railroad Contract and a Surprise.

"When I first started in on this pike back in the eighties," said the gray haired chairman of the engineers' stove committee, "it was only a pin-feather and didn't have hardly any freight traffic to speak of. It was only a little branch connection between the B. and H. and R. and L. roads. I was put on firing for Bill Kennedy on old No. 19. I hadn't been firing here very long when the B. and H. and R. and L. people lit upon a scheme to try and use our line for a short cut for perishable stuff from one line to the other instead of taking it down to Burlington, a few miles farther south, where these roads had a junction, and sending it back again. Accordingly they decided to give us one train for a trial trip. We were to see how fast time we could make with this freight; and if it very materially lessened the time of the old route our people were to get a permanent contract which would mean considerable money in their pockets. There was quite a little excitement among the engineers as to who would be the lucky man to make the trial trip, as it would be quite a feather in the successful one's cap. It fell to Bill Kennedy, with No. 19, to make the trip, and he and I were considerably elated and determined to do our best.

"The night for the fly run was very dark, but there was a good rail, and conditions were all favorable for quick time. Bill wasn't used to night running. In fact, no one was, as it was very seldom necessary for a night crew to be out on our road. For that reason there were no night telegraph offices open to keep tab on the train. But the train dispatcher at this end had been ordered to stay on duty till we arrived at Rutland Junction, which was the other end of our line then. When Bill and I got around, we found that we were to have company on the engine, as Mr. West, the super, wanted to go along to see how we fared. This put us more on our mettle, and I tell you we were the real thing when we backed over to the R. and L. siding to wait for the special.

"About 9 o'clock she rumbled in, and you bet it didn't take Bill long to get No. 19 around and hooked on to her. Everything was ready, and we were soon humming along toward the B. and H. junction point at record breaking speed. Bill was just aching to make a star run, and going up Cheechunk hill, about 15 miles out, he gave her a couple of more notches on the throttle and we fairly seemed to jump forward.

"You're doing excellently, Kennedy," said West, looking at his watch; "we've made the first 15 miles in about 45 minutes, which is excellent with 30 cars."

"Bill never eased off on her at all, and at 10:45 we were whistling for the junction, having made the run of 45 miles in an hour and 45 minutes, which was about the top notch with a train of 30 cars for those days, and Bill's head was nearly busted with pride when West said to him:

"Mr. Kennedy, you made an excellent run."

"As we stopped at the tank, the B. and H. operator came running up breathlessly and said to Bill: 'Here's a message from Smith, your conductor. You left him behind at Cheechunk.'"

"Bill looked dazed and read the message slowly while Mr. West held a lantern. It ran:

"Bill Kennedy—and Superintendent West: You left the caboose, seven cars, myself and the crew behind at foot of Cheechunk hill. I had to walk four miles to get the agent to send this message. Please come back after us."

"The message was dated from Cheechunk. In pulling her out going up the hill Bill had broken a coupling pin and left the tail and there. You never saw any one fall faster than Kennedy and the super did. Bill never said a darn word, but gave the 23 cars we had to a yard crew of the B. and H. and lit out backward for Cheechunk, 30 miles to the rear. It was 4 o'clock when we got the tail end to the junction and our road didn't get the contract that year.

"If you want to cause a small riot you just ask Bill Kennedy the next time you meet him about the record run he made with the special perishable goods train, but don't tell him I told you."—New York Sun.

\$70,000,000 For Amusements.

"There are 5,000 theaters in the United States if we count all kinds," writes Franklin Fyles in "The Ladies Home Journal." More than 2,000 are fairly classable as legitimate, and over 1,000 more are devoted to vaudeville. The 2,000 others taper off in various ways. To estimate the capital invested in all this theatrical property is difficult. But about \$100,000,000 is invested in the 3,000 first class legitimate theaters. That is an average of \$33,333 each, which is low enough, some costing as much as \$500,000 each. It is equally hard to compute the money paid by Americans for theatrical amusement. Separate audiences yield from absolutely nothing. In extreme cases of failure, to as much as \$20,000 at an exceptional performance of opera. A conservative calculation is that the aggregate reaches \$70,000,000 a year. Not less than one and a half million persons sit in these theaters each weekday night in the season of at least eight months."

Best Time to Take Medicine.

According to Professor Moritz, writing in a German medical periodical, the most speedy absorption of a drug into the human system is secured by administering it with water on an empty stomach. In many cases, he says, a definite effect will thus be produced, when no effect would be perceptible from the same dose administered shortly after the taking of food. Food taken immediately after medicine retards the absorption of the drug.

FOOLED HIS FATHER.

A STORY ILLUSTRATING GRANT'S STRONG SENSE OF HONOR.

The General Wanted to Do His Duty Without Hurting His Father's Feelings, and by a Clever Little Ruse He Succeeded Admirably.

Great men frequently discover that relatives are not the most charming things to have or cultivate, after great success comes. Were it possible to induce public men of the past and present to reveal just what they thought of their relatives the revelations might furnish some most interesting side lights on certain famous careers.

To Walpole is attributed the bitter exclamation:

"Relatives are tails to already overloaded kites."

This may be an unwelcome truth, since history contains many instances where cousins and aunts have proved treacherous stumbling blocks for ambitious leaders.

General Grant was at Memphis in command of the army of the west, and just before his elevation to the command of all the armies of the Union, when he received word that his father was about to make his headquarters a visit.

The news did not please him. His staff noticed his perturbation, but passed it off by without comment. One night shortly before the arrival of his sire he sent for General Dickie, his chief of cavalry. General Dickie afterward became chief justice of the supreme court of Illinois, and, strangely enough, died at Atlantic City on the same day that Grant passed away at McGregor.

To Dickie General Grant said:

"I have sent for you as a personal friend. My father is coming to visit me, and what I have got to tell you about that visit is not pleasing to me, but something must be done. Some of the money, shanks and cotton speculators have gained an unwarrantable influence over the old man, and he is really coming down here to use his influence over me to gain favors for them. This cannot be done. I do not wish to wound his feelings. I do not wish him to know that I understand the object of his visit. I have prepared a plan of action which I wish you to aid me in carrying out."

General Dickie understood the character of Grant as few men did. He promised his aid. General Grant then said:

"You are relieved from all duty from this time on until the departure of my father. The instant he arrives I wish you to take him to your tent and entertain him there. Keep him there all the time. Under no circumstances, allow him to be with me alone while he is here."

General Dickie immediately made preparations for the old gentleman, and when he came received him with open arms. He was very anxious to see his son, but glad to take Dickie's headquarters for his own and pleased with the cordiality displayed toward him. As soon as he was settled he made vigorous efforts to have a personal interview with his son, but something always happened to prevent.

Wherever he turned, Dickie was by his side. General Grant called on him daily, but never alone. If he went to the general's quarters he always found him occupied. If he tried to meet him in Dickie's tent Dickie was sure to be around, and personal conversation was an impossibility.

At the end of four or five days the old gentleman was very restless, but there was no chance for him to protest and no chance for him to get closer than a public audience with his son. For nearly ten days he made the effort, but failed, and then left for home, happy as to the entertainment he had received, but dismayed at his inability to see his son alone.

As soon as he was gone, Grant restored General Dickie to cavalry duty, but never referred again to the purpose of his father's visit. General Dickie told the story shortly before his death to a Chicago lawyer, but it has never been printed until now.

In a semipublic letter written by General Grant after his retirement, from the presidency, there occurs the lines:

"Whatever mistakes I have made in my public life, I have never erred for my own gain. What I have done for the republic has been from a sense of duty, and not with any thought as to what it would profit me. Many unkind things have been said and written of me by those who least know how I have been situated, but my acts have been inspired by the highest sense of fealty to my country and government."—Chicago Times-Herald.

Paying Tolls In Horseshoes.

THE WAYS WE LAUGH

THEY DIFFER AS MUCH AS DO OUR VOICES OR OUR FACES.

While Men Commonly Use the A and O Style, Women Usually Indulge in the E and I Brand—A Laugh That Won Napoleon a Battle.

Since the days of Adam, who is said to have invented laughter when he awoke and saw Eve by his side, no two people have laughed alike. The laugh is as distinct as the voice. Women laugh differently from men, children from women; indeed, even the laugh of a full bearded man is different from that which he laughs when he has shaved.

The Abbe Damasceni thought he had discovered in the various enunciations of laughter a sure guide to the temperaments of the laughers. Thus he said "Ha! ha! ha!" belonged to a choleric person; "He! he! he!" to a phlegmatic one, and "Ho! ho! ho!" to the sanguine. And it is a scientific fact that, while men commonly laugh in A and O, women usually laugh in E and I.

Those who practice laughing to any extent have been divided wittily into dupers and to know how charming they can be one has only to go back to Charles Randa's "Smile with a Dimple"—smiles, grins, horse laughs and sneers. This is to lay down a science of laughing, for which there might have been need had our generals in the late war taken up the idea of old Bulow, who proposed to form troops, in face of the enemy, in line of battle and order them to advance with their arms at a shoulder and salute the foe with ringing bursts of laughter.

"Be sure," said Bulow, "that your opponents, surprised and dismayed at this astonishing salute, would turn about and run off."

Perhaps this scheme would not work now, while the present long range artillery is used; but, as a matter of fact, it is related that the Mamelukes once turned tail from an assault upon the French in Egypt on hearing the roar of laughter with which Napoleon's veterans greeted the command, "Form in squares, asses and men of science in the center."

Great men often have fancied it a part of greatness to refrain from hilarity. Philip IV of Spain is said to have laughed only once in his life. That was when his bride, Anne of Austria, wept at hearing that the queens of Spain had no feet. She took with German literalness an old piece of Spanish courtesy. As she was journeying toward Spain some German nuns met her and desired to present some stockings of their own knitting. The worthy princess was about to accept the gift when a Spanish grandee of her suit interfered with the remark that it would be against etiquette, as the queens of Spain were not supposed to have any use for stockings, whereat the princess began to weep, understanding, poor woman, that on her arrival in Spain her feet would be cut off.

Lord Chesterfield said, "Nobody has seen me laugh since I have come to my reason," and Congress makes his Lord Froth in the "Double Dealer" say, "When I laugh, I always laugh alone." Young people and fools laugh easily, says an old proverb, which often has proved true.

Nevertheless the singer Robert gave lessons in laughter in Paris and in London in 1867, and so far at least as filling his own purse went, with success. He held that men and women could not laugh "decently and systematically" without proper training and said that a person who could laugh only in one tone seemed to him like one who could say only out and non, but that a trained laughter should express many things.

It is a curious fact that it is only among the French and among the ancients that we read of people laughing themselves to death. We, in our days, must have either more jokes or a duller appreciation of wit. Zenxis is said to have died of laughing at a painting of an old woman, his own handwork. Philomen expired laughing at a donkey who ate so contentedly the philosopher's figs that, with his last articulate breath, he sent out his last glass of wine to the beast, who drank it with equal enjoyment and thus proved him self, it would seem, not such a donkey after all.

It remains true, however, that laughter is good for the health. "Laugh and grow fat" is the old proverb. Sydenham maintained that the arrival of a clown in a village was as wholesome as that of 20 donkeys laden with drugs. Tissot, the famous French physician, cured consumption and liver complaints by causing his patients to laugh, and Erasmus, through immoderate laughter at the rude Latin of Hutten's "Letters of Obscure Men," broke an internal abscess which had long plagued him.

"When a man smiles, and much more when he laughs, it adds something to his fragment of life," said Sterne, who wished laughter enumerated in the materia medica, holding it as a curative of the same kind as coughing, sneezing and perhaps vomiting, only much pleasanter than any of these.

Queer Business Combinations.

Some Chicago men carry on at the same time two or more different lines of business. Sometimes these combinations are laughable. Over the door of a store in Wells street is a sign which announces "Wholesale Popcorn and School of Magic." In the window of an office in Madison street is an announcement that within are to be had "Books on Love and Poultry Raising." A South Side humorist has a placard in his basement window which reads, "Lunches Put Up and Carpets Put Down."

BATTLE OF FORT DOWLING.

A Remarkable Engagement of Which Little Has Been Written.

Where the Gulf of Mexico comes into the Sabine lake, on the coast of Texas, near the Louisiana line, there is a narrow channel of water which is about 400 yards wide. On the north bank of this little channel today one sees the smokestack a few feet above the water of a sunken boat. Just opposite to it, on the southern bank, there is a painted sign that reads "Fort Dowling." That is all that now lives as evidence of a thrilling drama, the equal of which the world has never seen, and that was played out at this place back yonder in the closing days of our civil war.

General Banks, with plenty of men and boats and plenty of ammunition and supplies, had gone up the Red river into Louisiana and was hammering Kirby Smith and Dick Taylor into destruction. The Federal government conceived the idea that Smith and Taylor might be attacked in the rear by an expedition landed on the shores of Sabine lake, and consisting of some 10,000 men, who would be transported to their landing by a part of the Federal fleet.

To reach the banks of the lake, of course, it was necessary to go through Sabine pass, this narrow channel of which I have spoken. Richard Dowling, in command of about 40 men, was acting as a scout for Smith and Taylor and saw the evidence of the coming of this fleet of gunboats and transports and, with his 40 men, took possession of a little mud fort at the mouth of the pass. In which there were three or four pounders and perhaps a siege gun. There he waited with guns loaded and instructions given to his men that they must not fire until the gunboats came well abreast of him, only about 300 yards away.

His plan of action was not to shoot until they were immediately opposite, and then to discharge his whole battery at the gunboat. This was done successfully: her boilers were exploded, and, together with hundreds of soldiers, she sank to the spot where she now rests. Many died from the steam that scalded them, more from the water that engulfed them.

Loading his guns, he sank the next vessel with the same disastrous result to the enemy and, landing yet again, he turned his guns on the transport following, with a thousand men aboard of her. She, in response, ran up a white flag. The rest of the fleet turned and sailed away, leaving the dead bodies of the drowned soldiers and the sunken vessels. Dowling, in a dugout (this is a hollowed log or a canoe, as it is variously called), paddled himself out to receive the surrender of this transport with a thousand men. The commander of the vessel expressed his surprise at such a reception of his white flag token and asked why the commander of the fort didn't come in person to receive his surrender.

Dowling replied, "I am the commander and have come in person," to which the captain said, "Well, what do you mean by coming this way in a canoe by yourself?"

Dowling answered, "I have no other way of getting here, and hence I came in my dugout."

He received the surrender, paroled the prisoners, for he could not take them in charge, and went back to his comrades. Of these 40, only one had received a wound at all, though the gunboats had shelled the little mud earthwork diligently.

In the history of the world nothing similar, unless it be the battle of New Orleans, has ever happened, and yet, such is the large carelessness of the southern character in recording its wonderful and numerous deeds of heroism, that but little notice has ever been taken of this extraordinary battle.—Nashville Democracy.

The Peculiar Prison Bird.

The peculiarity of the prison bird, a feathered beauty of Africa, is that he is the most tyrannical and jealous of husbands. Imprisoning his mate throughout her nesting time. Livingstone watched the bird's habits while in Monpour and in his subsequent observations referred to the nest as a prison and the female bird as a slave.

The nest is built in the hollow of a tree through an opening in the bark. As soon as it is completed the mother bird enters carefully and fearfully and settles down in it. Then papa walks up the opening, leaving only just space enough for air and food to pass through. He keeps faithful guard and brings food at regular intervals without fail. The female thrives under her enforced retirement. But if the prison bird is killed or in any other way prevented from fulfilling his duties the mother and her little ones must die of starvation, for she cannot free herself from bondage.

Normally the imprisonment lasts until the chicks are old enough to fly. Then the male bird destroys the barrier with his beak and liberates his family. "It is charming," writes Livingstone, "to see the joy with which the little prisoners greet the light and the unknown world."

Wonderful Patience of a Haitian.

As far as I was able to judge, the Haitian is entirely devoid of nerves or feeling of any kind. Upon one occasion I saw one undertake to split a stick. He stood it on end, placed his machete on top, reached out for another stick which he used as a mallet, and while doing so the piece of wood fell over. Twenty-three times he repeated the operation before he accomplished his object. He never uttered a swear word, looked annoyed or hurried his action, and he was not working by the day either it was piecework, on contract, for my host.—Harper's Magazine.

A ROYAL LOVE STORY

HOW CZAR NICHOLAS II WOODED AND WON HIS ORPHAN COUSIN.

There Were Grave Objections to the Match, and the Young Couple Had Many Enemies, but Love Finally Triumphed Over All.

The czar, Nicholas II, always loved his orphan cousin, and as they met somewhat frequently he did not lack opportunity of discovering for himself that his love was reciprocated. But there were grave objections to the match, and the young lovers had many enemies. The czar's parents opposed the union with all the emphasis they could command. Princess Alix was a Lutheran, and Nicholas belonged to the Greek church. To Alexander III this was almost a fatal objection to their marriage, and everything was done that could be done to convince the young heir to all the Russias that he must accept another bride. Even Queen Victoria joined the little army arrayed against the lovers. Princess Alix was her favorite granddaughter, and she did not wish her to change her religion or to face the perils of the Russian throne.

There was another serious objection too. Both the lovers were delicate, and Alexander III was naturally anxious that the throne of Russia should be occupied by his son's son. At last the obstinate czarowitz was sent on a long voyage round the world, it being hoped that in the constant change of scene he would forget his love and come back prepared to do as he was told. The love which had bound Nicholas to his orphan cousin was not, however, a thing that could be put off in a new country, and the heir apparent went back to Russia more determined than ever not to marry unless he loved. The voyage had greatly improved his health, so that part of the objection was removed.

But there still remained the religious objection, and Nicholas pressed his suit. He was fortunate in securing two powerful allies, the then Duchess of Edinburgh and the Grand Duchess Serge, sister of the princess. Together these women were able to overcome the father's objections, but Queen Victoria had yet to be won over. It was no easy task to convert the queen, but it was done at length. The Duchess of Edinburgh persuaded the Prince of Wales, and the Princess Victoria prevailed upon her majesty. Then, as if to compensate the young people for their disappointments, the queen suggested that they should visit England. Prince Louis of Battenberg invited the princess to Walton-on-Thames, and thither the young man who was to rule 100,000,000 of human beings came to win the hand and heart of the woman he loved.

One would have thought that now the task was easy, but the princess was not easily won. If others had felt that she should not change her creed, she herself had felt so even more strongly. Years before, when the czarowitz first spoke of love to her, she had not listened, because of her horror of having to change her creed, in which she is said to have devoutly believed, and her strong religious nature had only rooted this objection deeper and deeper as the years went by. What happened at Walton, how passionately the devoted Nicholas pleaded, we do not know. But we know that a year afterward, at the wedding of her brother, the Grand Duke Ernest of Hesse, and Princess Victoria Melita of Coburg, the betrothal was publicly announced. The czarowitz had turned up at Coburg at the last moment, not having been expected until shortly before he arrived. "I am determined at last to have an answer out of her own mouth," he said to his parents as he started.

A day or two before the princess had talked of her lover with tears in her eyes. She gave vent to her religious scruples before her brother. "You do not love him, then?" said the Grand Duke Ernest. And the answer, "Oh, yes; I do—I do," showed how painful the struggle in her mind must have been.

The queen was the first to be informed of the news that the czarowitz had proposed and been accepted, and there was great joy among their friends that at last the long wooing was over. Then came the illness of Alexander III, and the princess was summoned to Livadia to nurse the dying czar. When the monarch passed away and her lover was emperor of Russia, Princess Alix wore no signs of mourning. It was a happy thought of the widowed empress that no needless pain should mar the joy of the bride who was so soon to share her son's throne, and the house of mourning was brightened day by day by the beautiful, sad figure of the future empress dressed in purest white. It was thought best that there should be no delay for form's sake, and the funeral was quickly followed by a wedding. On Nov. 26, 1894, at the age of 22, Princess Alix became empress of Russia.—Young Women.

The Way It Looked.

At last the hotel clerk permitted the guest on the far side of the counter to speak to him.

"May I inquire," said the guest diffidently, "who that modest gentleman was you were talking to a moment ago?"

"Oh," replied the clerk, "that was the old man."

"And who is the old man, pray?"

"The owner of the house, of course."

"Is that so?" was the astonished remark. "Well, I never would have thought he was."

"Why not?"

"Because I was so dead sure in my mind that you owned the whole shebang."—Detroit Free Press.

SIM WAS LATE.

The Kind Old Gentleman Did the Explaining For Him.

They are middle aged married people now, but their wedding is kept in greener remembrance than that of many a couple since married in the same community. He was a young hardworking farmer out near the middle of the state, she the blooming daughter of a neighboring farmer who had accumulated a nice fortune, had a fine tract of land, a pretentious country home and a family that was looked up to by most of the community. He had worked his own way to the front, and there was nothing that he admired more in young men than the qualities that had won him success. So Sim, for that was the youth's name, was in the good graces of the father as well as of the daughter.

On the day appointed for the wedding the guests moved toward the big house from all directions and in all kinds of vehicles. It was a holiday with them all, social distinctions interfering very little with a universal invitation throughout the large circle of acquaintanceship. Preparations for entertaining the assemblage were of the most elaborate and hospitable character. There was more food than is ordinarily provided for a regiment of soldiers. There were cider and apples by the barrel, and the mist that poured from the kitchen windows was freighted with appetizing odors. The parson was there, the choir from the little church was there, and a few relatives from abroad were there to enjoy the festivities.

The beautiful table was set, the bride was dressed, the parson had begun to move about uneasily, and the good wife, after visiting the veranda several times, called her husband to one side and talked briefly in a low tone. Then he knitted his brows, scanned the road in both directions and muttered to himself. Before long he put on his hat, slipped quietly up the back way and was soon on the roof, again studying the road. There were growls from the kitchen that the virtuous were getting cold, and the consulting voices heard in the bride's room did not serve to drown the sound of her weeping. It was a full hour after the time appointed for the wedding, and the bridegroom had not arrived.

The old gentleman went about looking as though he wanted to hurt some one. The mother bravely kept up appearances, and the parson looked at his own face watch at least twice every three minutes. The presence of a crisis could be heard in the air, and the general nervousness increased as the time for it approached.

"Gosh," shouted a youngster who was whittling at the horse block, "see that fellow ride!"

Every eye followed the direction indicated by the boy's knife blade and saw a veritable rough rider dashing down the wooded hill half a mile away. Even on the steep descent the horse was urged to his utmost, and as he straightened away on the level it could be seen that he was cruelly driven. On he came, reeking, breathing in gasps, his nostrils distended and his head straightened to case his breathing.

"Sim," said the father sternly as the rider threw himself from the saddle, "what does this mean? You've upset everything and Mattie's a most crazy. Now, where have you been, to come galloping up here like a wild Indian and the women folks most distracted?"

"Am I too late?" asked Sim excitedly. "Just as I got ready I see that new Holstein cow I bought break out of the lower meadow, and I went after her. She'll me all the freest chase you ever heard of, and blamed if I didn't forget about the wedding till I run that critter into Webb's yard and the hired girl told me the folks had come over here."

"Cow wasn't hurt none, was she?"

"Not a bit."

"Glad of it. That's the way to look after things. Now you come right in and get married and let me do the explaining."

Sim obeyed, and there was never a merrier time at any one's marriage.—Detroit Free Press.

Throwing Things at Cats.

"It's a long time," said Mr. Glimmerman, "since I've read anything in the papers about throwing things at cats. There used to be frequent mention about how men threw bootjacks, boots, water pitchers, cat scuttles and fire tongs at them. I know a man myself once that threw a lighted lamp at a cat on a fence. He never touched the cat, but set the fence afire and had to pay \$7."

"But the custom has not fallen altogether into disuse. There is a cat in our neighborhood that walks along the back fence at night, weeping and wailing in a manner most distressing to hear. For a long time these unpopular concerts were not disturbed, but night before last we heard the sound of a mighty blow upon the fence. It sounded like the crash of an immense rock. It evidently missed the cat, but it ended the concert. The cat didn't come back that night—we hope it never will. How the man got the rock over there we don't know. Surely he never could have rigged up a catapult of some sort. A catapult would be very appropriate for the purpose."—New York Sun.

Strange.

Mr. Crimmonbeak—Did you ever think what a funny thing a lemon is?

Mrs. Crimmonbeak—Why funny?

"You know how sour it is?"

"Oh, yes!"

"Well, people take 'em to make 'em sing sweetly."—Yonkers Statesman.

"Why not?"

"Because I was so dead sure in my mind that you owned the whole shebang."—Detroit Free Press.

A Cuckoo Caught in the Act.

Everybody has read in the natural history books how the ungrateful young cuckoo makes room for its foster mother's nest by evicting the rightful occupants, hatched and unhatched. As, however, few people have had the good fortune to see a young cuckoo, it has been rather difficult to understand exactly how the fugitive managed to turn out eggs and squabs.

A patient naturalist, John Craig, has now solved the mystery, and in The Feathered World there are two photos, taken under his auspices, of a young cuckoo in the very act of murdering a stepbrother. When the outline of the young cuckoo in the two pictures is once grasped, one can see how well suited for its fell purpose is the position it takes up. Head well down, legs wide apart gripping either side of the nest, wings outstretched to prevent any slipping back sideways, the unfortunate victim well poised on its broad back, the curious depression in which serves to steady it—the attitude is perfect for accomplishing the final act in the curious tragedy of nature by which a cuckoo is reared at the expense of the family of its foster parents.

What Is Science?

"Trained and organized common sense" is Professor Huxley's definition of science. There is probably no better.

The popular mind persists in thinking that there is a wide difference between science and knowledge in general. Yes, there is a wide difference, but it is just the difference that there is between a trained and organized body of men for the accomplishing of some great work, and a crowd of men unorganized and undisciplined. What unscientific knowledge has accomplished may be roughly seen in the condition of savage races today; while the changes wrought by knowledge trained and organized, in enlarging the sum of knowledge, in extending men's power of perception, and in increasing the facilities not merely for living, but for living well, are changes in comparison with which all others recorded in history are trifling.

It will be profitable for us, in order to get a clearer idea of scientific method, to trace as briefly as possible the history of science and the development of the scientific idea.—Popular Science Monthly.

The Longest Swim.

Going with the tide, in the Thames river, Captain Matthew Webb once swam a distance of 40 miles in nine hours and 57 minutes. Montague A. Holbein, an English "long distance cyclist," swam three miles farther, although he made no such time record.

Taking the water at Blackwall pier in the early morning, says the London Chronicle, Holbein went down the river on a strong ebb, which ran until he had progressed two miles beyond Gravesend. Turning then with the tide, he came back on the flood to Blackwall. He failed to reach the pier by a mile owing to the tide failing him, and he left the water quite fresh and strong, willing, had his friends so advised, to turn again and complete 50 miles.

The distance he had thus covered—43 miles, which he swam in 12 hours 27 minutes 42½ seconds—is the greatest ever known to have been covered by a swimmer, although it has been assumed that Matthew Webb, when he crossed the channel, must have been borne almost as far by the changing tides.

E. W. GROVE.

This name must appear on every box of the genuine Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets, the remedy that cures a cold in one day. 25 cents.

The Walter Knew 'Em.

A down town restaurant was in the turmoil of the busy dinner hour. Care-worn business men rushed in and swallowed a lunch as though millions depended on their haste. Walters balanced steaming platters on the tips of their little fingers with the ease of Japanese jugglers, and everything seemed confusion. Yet there was a certain degree of discipline among the waiters, and they seemed to know their customers and their usual choice of dishes. For instance, when a pair of lantern jawed actors without an engagement entered, the waiter that listened to the order yelled out to the cook, "Two supes and a Hammelet!"—Detroit Free Press.

Candid.

A bachelor farmer a little past his prime, floundering hard up, thought the best thing he could do would be to marry a neighbor of his who was reputed to have some babies.

Meeting with no obstacles to his wooing he soon got married.

One of his first purchases he made with part of her money was a horse. When he brought it home he called out his wife to see it.

After admiring it she said, "Well, Sam, if it hadna been for my siller it hadna been here before."

"Jenny," Sam replied, "if it hadna been for yet siller, ye hadna had been here yerself!"—London Answers.

Pleasures of Anticipation.

May—I shouldn't think you'd be feeling so gay after quarreling with Jack last night.

Madge—But just think of making up again!—Brooklyn Life.

His Position Assured.

"That your couple must be engaged."

"Do they act spouses?"

"No, but he smokes a pipe now when they walk out in the evening."—Chicago Record.

OLD 19'S RECORD RUN.

A Race Against Time For a Railroad Contract and a Surprise.

"When I first started in on this pike back in the eighties," said the gray haired chairman of the engineers' stove committee, "it was only a pin-feather and didn't have hardly any freight traffic to speak of. It was only a little branch connection between the B. and H. and R. and L. roads. I was put on firing for Bill Kennedy on old No. 19. I hadn't been firing here very long when the B. and H. and R. and L. people hit upon a scheme to try and use our line for a short cut for perishable stuff from one line to the other instead of taking it down to Burlington, a few miles farther south, where these roads had a junction, and sending it back again. Accordingly they decided to give us one train for a trial trip. We were to see how fast time we could make with this freight, and if it very materially lessened the time of the old route our people were to get a permanent contract which would mean considerable money in their pockets. There was quite a little excitement among the engineers as to who would be the lucky man to make the trial trip, as it would be quite a feather in the successful one's cap. It fell to Bill Kennedy, with No. 19, to make the trip, and he and I were considerably elated and determined to do our best.

"The night for the fly run was very dark, but there was a good rail, and conditions were all favorable for quick time. Bill wasn't used to night running. In fact, no one was, as it was very seldom necessary for a night crew to be out on our road. For that reason there were no night telegraph offices open to keep tab on the train. But the train dispatcher at this end had been ordered to stay on duty till we arrived at Rutland Junction, which was the other end of our line then. When Bill and I got around, we found that we were to have company on the engine, as Mr. West, the super, wanted to go along to see how we fared. This put us more on our mettle, and I tell you we were the real thing when we backed over to the R. and L. siding to wait for the special.

"About 9 o'clock she rumbled in and you bet it didn't take Bill long to get No. 19 around and hooked on to her. Everything was ready, and we were soon humming along toward the B. and H. Junction point at record breaking speed. Bill was just aching to make a star run, and going up Cheechunk hill, about 15 miles out, he gave her a couple of more notches on the throttle and we fairly seemed to jump forward.

"You're doing excellently, Kennedy," said West, looking at his watch; "we've made the first 15 miles in about 45 minutes, which is excellent with 30 cars."

"Bill never eased off on her at all, and at 10:45 we were whistling for the junction, having made the run of 45 miles in an hour and 45 minutes, which was about the top notch with a train of 30 cars for those days, and Bill's head was nearly busted with pride when West said to him:

"Mr. Kennedy, you made an excellent run."

"As we stopped at the tank, the B. and H. operator came running up breathlessly and said to Bill: 'Here's a message from Smith, your conductor. You left him behind at Cheechunk.'"

"Bill looked dazed and read the message slowly while Mr. West held a lantern. It ran:

"Bill Kennedy and Superintendent West: 'A good soldier never looks behind. You left the cuckoo, so-called, and the crew behind at foot of Cheechunk hill. I had to walk four miles to get the agent to send this message. Please come back after us.'"

"The message was dated from Cheechunk. In pulling her out going up the hill Bill had broken a coupling pin and left the tail end there. You never saw any one fall flatter than Kennedy and the super did. Bill never said a darn word, but gave the 23 cars we had to a yard crew of the B. and H. and lit out backward for Cheechunk, 30 miles to the rear. It was 4 o'clock when we got the tail end to the junction and our road didn't get the contract that year.

"If you want to cause a small riot you just ask Bill Kennedy the next time you meet him about the record run he made with the special perishable goods train, but don't tell him I told you."—New York Sun.

\$70,000,000 For Amusements.

"There are 5,000 theaters in the United States if we count all kinds," writes Franklin Pyles in The Ladies' Home Journal. "More than 2,000 are fairly classable as legitimate, and over 1,000 more are devoted to vaudeville. The 2,000 others taper off in various ways. To estimate the capital invested in all this theatrical property is difficult. But about \$100,000,000 is invested in the 3,000 first class legitimate theaters. That is an average of \$33,333 each, which is low enough, some costing as much as \$500,000 each. It is equally hard to compute the money paid by Americans for theatrical amusement. Separate audiences yield from absolutely nothing, in extreme cases of failure, to as much as \$20,000 at an exceptional performance of opera. A conservative calculation is that the aggregate reaches \$70,000,000 a year. Not less than one and a half million persons sit in these theaters each weekday night in the season of at least eight months."

Best Time to Take Medicine.

According to Professor Moritz, writing in a German medical periodical, the most speedy absorption of a drug into the human system is secured by administering it with water on an empty stomach. In many cases, he says, a definite effect will thus be produced, when no effect would be perceptible shortly after the taking of food. Food taken immediately after medicine retards the absorption of the drug.

FOOLED HIS FATHER.

A STORY ILLUSTRATING GRANT'S STRONG SENSE OF HONOR.

The General Wanted to Do His Duty Without Hurting His Father's Feelings, and by a Clever Little Ruse He Succeeded Admirably.

Great men frequently discover that relatives are not the most charming things to have or cultivate, after great-ness comes. Were it possible to induce public men of the past and present to reveal just what they thought of their relatives the revelations might furnish some most interesting side lights on certain famous careers.

To Walpole is attributed the bitter exclamation:

"Relatives are tails to already over-loaded kites."

This may be an unwelcome truth, since history contains many instances where cousins and aunts have proved treacherous stumbling blocks for ambitious leaders.

General Grant was at Memphis in command of the army of the west, and just before his elevation to the command of all the armies of the Union, when he received word that his father was about to make his headquarters a visit.

The news did not please him. His staff noticed his perturbation, but passed it by without comment. One night shortly before the arrival of his sire he sent for General Dickie, his chief of cavalry. General Dickie afterward became chief justice of the supreme court of Illinois, and, strangely enough, died at Atlantic City on the same day that Grant passed away at McClellan.

To Dickie General Grant said:

"I have sent for you as a personal friend. My father is coming to visit me, and what I have got to tell you about that visit is not pleasing to me, but something must be done. Some of the money sharks and cotton speculators have gained an unwarrantable influence over the old man, and he is really coming down here to use his influence over me to gain favors for them. This cannot be done. I do not wish to wound his feelings. I do not wish him to know that I understand the object of his visit. I have prepared a plan of action which I wish you to aid me in carrying out."

General Dickie understood the character of Grant as few men did. He promised his aid. General Grant then said:

"You are relieved from all duty from this time on until the departure of my father. The instant he arrives I wish you to take him to your tent and entertain him there. Keep him there all the time. Under no circumstances allow him to be with me alone while he is here."

General Dickie immediately made preparations for the old gentleman, and when he came received him with open arms. He was very anxious to see his son, but glad to take Dickie's headquarters for his own and pleased with the cordiality displayed toward him. As soon as he was settled he made vigorous efforts to have a personal interview with his son, but something always happened to prevent.

Wherever he turned, Dickie was by his side. General Grant called on him daily, but never alone. If he went to the general's quarters he always found him occupied. If he tried to meet him in Dickie's tent Dickie was sure to be around, and personal conversation was an impossibility.

At the end of four or five days the old gentleman was very restless, but there was no chance for him to protest and no chance for him to get closer than a public audience with his son. For nearly ten days he made the effort, but failed, and then left for home, happy as to the entertainment he had received, but dismayed at his inability to see his son alone.

As soon as he was gone, Grant restored General Dickie to cavalry duty, but never referred again to the purpose of his father's visit. General Dickie told the story shortly before his death to a Chicago lawyer, but it has never been printed until now.

In a semipublic letter written by General Grant after his retirement, from the presidency, there occurs the lines:

"Whatever mistakes I have made in my public life, I have never erred for my own gain. What I have done for the republic has been from a sense of duty, and not with any thought as to what it would profit me. Many unkind things have been said and written of me by those who

KITTERY POINT.

The service at the Congregational church, on Sunday morning, was a memorable one and will live long in the memory of every person present. The able and beloved pastor, Rev. Henry V. Emmons, preached his farewell sermon to the flock over which he has ministered for twelve years past, taking for his text the following words from 1 John, II, 7 and 8: "Brethren, I write to you a new commandment unto you, but an old commandment which ye have had from the beginning. The old commandment is the word which ye have heard from the beginning. Again a new commandment I write unto you, which thing is true in him and in you, because the darkness is past, and the true light now shineth." The sermon was a thoughtful, scholarly discourse, such as only an earnest Christian gentleman could prepare and deliver. He gave a brief review of the work done during his pastorate here and spoke of the many pleasant things which had helped to cheer him on his way. He spoke of the unity and concord which has always existed between pastor and parishioners and, bespeaking for his successor the same kindly spirit which had always been shown him. At the conclusion of the address there was hardly a dry eye in the audience, and it is safe to say that it will be many years before another man will come into our midst that will claim so strong an attachment upon the affections of the people here. His fine family will be missed, not only in the church, but throughout the length and breadth of this place. As soon as the household effects are in readiness they will be shipped to Northboro, Mass., where the family will take residence permanently. Rev. Mr. Emmons will not again take up active preaching as his health and strength will not permit.

Arthur Hutchins, a well-known lobster fisherman, had a narrow escape from drowning on Sunday afternoon, when returning from tending his traps located off the harbor. When near the Easter Sisters his boat struck a submerged ledge and capsized. The affair was witnessed by two men near by in another boat and they at once went to his assistance and rescued him just as he was about to sink for the last time. He was in a bad condition, but after being taken home and given some dry clothes, felt none the worse for the wetting. The boat has been located and will be easily raised.

The Y. H. & B. passenger and freight service was revived on Monday. The section men have been at work several weeks putting the roadbed and stations in first class shape. Although the road has not been in operation all winter the track is not nearly as rough as some might be led to suppose. The trains are in charge of Conductor G. E. Hobbs and Engineer Emery. Harold W. Frisbee has charge of the local station.

Albert B. Billings went to Concord last Thursday with a delegation of blue-jackets to attend the unveiling of a monument in that city. Capt. Billings is in charge of one of the largest ships at the navy yard and is a skillful seaman. He has seen many years of service on the water.

Among the many who went to Saratoga last week and took the R. and S. M. degrees in Masonry were several from here and it was the privilege of some of that number to visit and inspect the many interesting relics and souvenirs to be found in the office of Deputy Sheriff Miles. Many of the articles seen are of much local interest and were obtained in this town during the past few years.

The sewing circle of the Congregational church was entertained on Wednesday afternoon and evening by Mrs. Ellen A. Billings. The attendance was quite large and the occasion a most enjoyable one. A fine supper was served.

The United States fish commissioners have finished their winter's work and left to take up the summer work of gathering spawn. The season here was not so large as in former years.

One of our summer hotel proprietors stated to the writer last week that never in the years that he has conducted his hotel has the demand for rooms been as large so early in the season as this year.

THEATRICAL TALK.

Henrietta Crossman and her company jumped from Manchester to New York. Wilton Unitarians gave the farce, Six Cups of Chocolate, on Tuesday evening.

The Circus Girl is to be staged at Lakeport under the direction of Miss Alice Jones.

James McGee, a boy tenor of Dover, goes on the road with the Raymond Moore company this summer.

Wulf Fries, the famous cellist, who has often played in this city, died in Roxbury, Mass., on Tuesday at the age of 77 years.

FLORIDA AND CUBA.

The fast vestibule, electric-lighted train service to the southern resorts, operated by the Plant system and connections, is unexcelled. Literature upon application to J. J. Farnsworth, Eastern Passenger Agent of the Plant System at No. 290 Broadway, New York.

The Jaffery cottage, New Castle, has been purchased by a Mr. Niles of Boston, who is having it thoroughly repaired and a large stable erected. The work is being done by George H. Deverson.

Worms?
cause sickness, and sometimes death, in children, before their parents are aware of it. Give them a few doses of
TRUE'S PINKWORM ELIXIR
If it is not given them they will be expelled.
A Barytes Vegetable Lotion, No. 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 221, 222, 223, 224, 225, 226, 227, 228, 229, 230, 231, 232, 233, 234, 235, 236, 237, 238, 239, 240, 241, 242, 243, 244, 245, 246, 247, 248, 249, 250, 251, 252, 253, 254, 255, 256, 257, 258, 259, 260, 261, 262, 263, 264, 265, 266, 267, 268, 269, 270, 271, 272, 273, 274, 275, 276, 277, 278, 279, 280, 281, 282, 283, 284, 285, 286, 287, 288, 289, 290, 291, 292, 293, 294, 295, 296, 297, 298, 299, 300, 301, 302, 303, 304, 305, 306, 307, 308, 309, 310, 311, 312, 313, 314, 315, 316, 317, 318, 319, 320, 321, 322, 323, 324, 325, 326, 327, 328, 329, 330, 331, 332, 333, 334, 335, 336, 337, 338, 339, 340, 341, 342, 343, 344, 345, 346, 347, 348, 349, 350, 351, 352, 353, 354, 355, 356, 357, 358, 359, 360, 361, 362, 363, 364, 365, 366, 367, 368, 369, 370, 371, 372, 373, 374, 375, 376, 377, 378, 379, 380, 381, 382, 383, 384, 385, 386, 387, 388, 389, 390, 391, 392, 393, 394, 395, 396, 397, 398, 399, 400, 401, 402, 403, 404, 405, 406, 407, 408, 409, 410, 411, 412, 413, 414, 415, 416, 417, 418, 419, 420, 421, 422, 423, 424, 425, 426, 427, 428, 429, 430, 431, 432, 433, 434, 435, 436, 437, 438, 439, 440, 441, 442, 443, 444, 445, 446, 447, 448, 449, 450, 451, 452, 453, 454, 455, 456, 457, 458, 459, 460, 461, 462, 463, 464, 465, 466, 467, 468, 469, 470, 471, 472, 473, 474, 475, 476, 477, 478, 479, 480, 481, 482, 483, 484, 485, 486, 487, 488, 489, 490, 491, 492, 493, 494, 495, 496, 497, 498, 499, 500, 501, 502, 503, 504, 505, 506, 507, 508, 509, 510, 511, 512, 513, 514, 515, 516, 517, 518, 519, 520, 521, 522, 523, 524, 525, 526, 527, 528, 529, 530, 531, 532, 533, 534, 535, 536, 537, 538, 539, 540, 541, 542, 543, 544, 545, 546, 547, 548, 549, 550, 551, 552, 553, 554, 555, 556, 557, 558, 559, 560, 561, 562, 563, 564, 565, 566, 567, 568, 569, 570, 571, 572, 573, 574, 575, 576, 577, 578, 579, 580, 581, 582, 583, 584, 585, 586, 587, 588, 589, 590, 591, 592, 593, 594, 595, 596, 597, 598, 599, 600, 601, 602, 603, 604, 605, 606, 607, 608, 609, 610, 611, 612, 613, 614, 615, 616, 617, 618, 619, 620, 621, 622, 623, 624, 625, 626, 627, 628, 629, 630, 631, 632, 633, 634, 635, 636, 637, 638, 639, 640, 641, 642, 643, 644, 645, 646, 647, 648, 649, 650, 651, 652, 653, 654, 655, 656, 657, 658, 659, 660, 661, 662, 663, 664, 665, 666, 667, 668, 669, 670, 671, 672, 673, 674, 675, 676, 677, 678, 679, 680, 681, 682, 683, 684, 685, 686, 687, 688, 689, 690, 691, 692, 693, 694, 695, 696, 697, 698, 699, 700, 701, 702, 703, 704, 705, 706, 707, 708, 709, 710, 711, 712, 713, 714, 715, 716, 717, 718, 719, 720, 721, 722, 723, 724, 725, 726, 727, 728, 729, 730, 731, 732, 733, 734, 735, 736, 737, 738, 739, 740, 741, 742, 743, 744, 745, 746, 747, 748, 749, 750, 751, 752, 753, 754, 755, 756, 757, 758, 759, 760, 761, 762, 763, 764, 765, 766, 767, 768, 769, 770, 771, 772, 773, 774, 775, 776, 777, 778, 779, 780, 781, 782, 783, 784, 785, 786, 787, 788, 789, 790, 791, 792, 793, 794, 795, 796, 797, 798, 799, 800, 801, 802, 803, 804, 805, 806, 807, 808, 809, 810, 811, 812, 813, 814, 815, 816, 817, 818, 819, 820, 821, 822, 823, 824, 825, 826, 827, 828, 829, 830, 831, 832, 833, 834, 835, 836, 837, 838, 839, 840, 841, 842, 843, 844, 845, 846, 847, 848, 849, 850, 851, 852, 853, 854, 855, 856, 857, 858, 859, 860, 861, 862, 863, 864, 865, 866, 867, 868, 869, 870, 871, 872, 873, 874, 875, 876, 877, 878, 879, 880, 881, 882, 883, 884, 885, 886, 887, 888, 889, 890, 891, 892, 893, 894, 895, 896, 897, 898, 899, 900, 901, 902, 903, 904, 905, 906, 907, 908, 909, 910, 911, 912, 913, 914, 915, 916, 917, 918, 919, 920, 921, 922, 923, 924, 925, 926, 927, 928, 929, 930, 931, 932, 933, 934, 935, 936, 937, 938, 939, 940, 941, 942, 943, 944, 945, 946, 947, 948, 949, 950, 951, 952, 953, 954, 955, 956, 957, 958, 959, 960, 961, 962, 963, 964, 965, 966, 967, 968, 969, 970, 971, 972, 973, 974, 975, 976, 977, 978, 979, 980, 981, 982, 983, 984, 985, 986, 987, 988, 989, 990, 991, 992, 993, 994, 995, 996, 997, 998, 999, 1000.

A CYCLONE'S PRANKS.

QUEER TRICKS PLAYED BY A MISSOURI WIND TWISTER.

This Storm, So It Is Alleged, Drove Wheat Straws Through Pine Boards Like Nails and Cut Up Other Very Curious Capers.

People who have never traveled over the track made by a cyclone always look incredulous when told "cyclone stories." But those who have had experience with the dread twisters or been privileged to note some of the queer freaks perpetrated by the storms are prepared to believe anything. A cyclone can perform most wonderful freaks. Their power is not alone demonstrated by their destructiveness, for often it seems that the storm is possessed of a humorous bent.

In the Grinnell (Ia.) cyclone about 18 years ago the storm perpetrated some queer jokes. One victim of the storm was a gentleman whose residence was blown into space. He was the possessor of a new frock coat, which he had hung upon the wall of the sitting room a few moments before the storm struck. In the pocket of the coat was a big silk handkerchief. After the storm the coat was found two miles from the spot where the house had stood, but the handkerchief was gone, and in its place was a brickbat.

About 15 years ago a cyclone passed over a portion of Andrew county, Mo. It struck near Elk Dale, a country postoffice, and played some queer pranks. It struck an orchard and proceeded to show what it could do. There were 16 rows of trees in the orchard. Every other row was untouched, and in the rows struck every other tree was twisted off at the roots, but every other tree in the stricken rows was left unharmed.

Seated under a walnut tree near the Elk Dale postoffice was a woman engaged in churning with an old fashioned dasher churn. The cyclone snatched the dasher from the churn and drove it through the woman's thigh, but the churn was not overturned, and not a drop of the milk was spilled.

A stretch of pine fence about 15 rods long was blown to pieces by this storm. Broken bits of board were scattered all over the surrounding territory. Wheat had just been harvested, and that storm drove the ripened wheat straws through those pine fence boards like so many nails, splintering the boards and remaining stuck there.

A country church several miles northeast of Elk Dale was struck by the storm. The building was lifted from the foundation and turned one-quarter of the way around and set crosswise of the foundation, and the plastering on the walls was scarcely cracked.

This storm struck a farmhouse where a family of five had just seated themselves to eat supper. The frame of the house was jerked into the air, but the floor was uninjured, and the family suddenly found themselves eating supper in a driving rain.

Among the other animals owned by Dr. Bond of Elk Dale was a colt that promised to be a world beater on the track. The storm forever settled the fate of that colt. It picked the animal up and carried it two miles and then gently deposited it in the crotch of an oak tree 30 feet from the ground. This story would sound better if it went on to relate that the colt was uninjured, but truth compels the statement that the colt was as dead as Julius Caesar. The strange part of this incident is that there was neither mark, bruise nor broken bone about the animal. Dr. Bond insists to this day that the colt died of fright.

In a barn a few miles from Elk Dale three horses and three cows were housed, the horses on one side of the partition, the cows on the other, horses and cows facing. The barn was demolished, but not scattered, and the middle horse and middle cow were killed. The rest of the animals were uninjured.

The steeple of a church that happened to be in the track of the storm was jerked upward, turned upside down and driven through the roof of the church, the point of the steeple resting on the spot where the minister was wont to stand when reading the Sunday lesson. The pulpit carpet could be shifted under the point, and the steeple itself could be swung a foot or more in any direction.

Milt Laughlin's well on his farm was attacked by the cyclone. Water was drawn by means of an old fashioned wooden pump, and that pump, tubing and all, was snatched out of that well, and no trace of them was ever found. The well, however, still remained.

This storm was not noted because of its destructiveness of human life, no one being killed, although a number were severely injured. But it was destructive of property, demolishing houses and barns, killing stock and blowing the newly harvested wheat crop into the sweet subequency. You can tell the people living in its track any kind of a cyclone story, and they will believe it with all their hearts. They know what a cyclone can do when it tries.—Omaha World-Herald.

Rufus Choate's Sharp Tongue.

Rufus Choate's thrusts were not always so good natured as are usually those of the modern representative of the family. In describing a party to a suit in which he was counsel, he once said: "Why does he not pay back the money he has so ill got? He is such a villain that he wouldn't if he could add so much of a bankrupt that he couldn't if he would."

Mr. Choate also once remarked of a woman, "She is a sinner—no, not a sinner, for she is our client; but she is a very disagreeable saint."

EASTERN SHORE DIALECT.

Queer Expressions in Common Use Among Natives of Maryland.

Here on the eastern shore, which from its opportunities should be one of the most enlightened instead of most benighted regions of the country, a teacher in the public schools or a minister of the gospel, no less than any member of the common herd, would never fail in telling of his lack of luck in fishing to say, "I was gone all day and never caught either fish," or on meeting with similar want of success in hunting would declare he "saw plenty of rabbits, but never got either one."

Among these people there are no early vegetables or fruit grown, but "forward" potatoes, cabbage, corn, strawberries, etc., are quite common. I have even heard the remark, "The forward bird catches the worm." Here rails are not used in constructing the old fashioned worm fence, only fence "logs," although they be split as Lincoln made them in his "forward" days.

What are called sawlogs in other states are "chunks" here, regardless of length and size. One never sees a corner hereabout, but "cornstalks" (buildings in which maize is stored at gathering time) are found on every farm. There are no barnyards or stable lots either. All such things are given the name of "pound."

The universal misuse of the word "head" is ridiculous, if not ludicrous. A man has five or six or ten "head" of children or visitors on a Sunday, but he never applies the word head to his stock. Our congressman, who operates a large mill here, if asked how many hands he employs would tell you so many or about so many "head." Recently a news item in one of the county papers was headlined, "Big Revival in Progress—Four Head Baptized."

Quite as general, as well among the white as among the colored portion of the population, is the use of "d" for "th" in the words the, this, that, they and them. The prepositions "in" and "into" are basely mislabeled, the first by neglect, the other by overworking it. Nobody has money invested "in" stocks, land, merchandise and the like, but always "into" them. Ask a man what his farm or horse is worth and he'll answer by telling you what amount of money he has invested "into" it. One never has a hole in his trousers or a dollar "in" his pocket, but "into" them or it. I heard a lady teacher say she had lost her portemonnaie. "But, thank fortune," she added, "there wasn't a penny into it."

People never haul anything here, but carry it. A man carries his wife or family to church, his wood or crops to the railroad station or boat landing, his cattle to pasture or his chunks to the steam mill, never sawmill. Whatever he takes into his arms or on his shoulder to convey from one place to another, he totes, instead of carries. There are no buggies or phaetons here, every vehicle used exclusively to ride in being a carriage, if it has more than two wheels. The land is of two kinds, hard and kind. Hard land is chiefly clay and kind land mostly sand. The land is never broke when plowed, but flushed, never harrowed, but drag to make the surface fine. Crops when tilled with a cultivator are harrowed, and a cultivator is known here only as a harrow, while a harrow is called a drag.

Teams, except when attached to carriages, are driven without reins or lines. The driver, whether walking or riding, directs his team by his word of mouth, supplemented with a long lashed whip. When he wants his team—horses, mules or oxen—to go or turn to the right, he hallooos "gee-a." If he wants a short turn to the left he yells "petty-vo," but if only a slight diversion in that direction he ejaculates "ha-ther" (pronounced like "father") in a subdued tone. To stop his team he yells "wo-back," loud enough to stop a train, and the team usually halts within a space of ten rods. The familiar "gee," "haw," "ho" or "whoa" of our Ohio boyhood days is not heard in this country, and the use of a single line on the leader of a team is unknown.

No odds how wicked the natives may be in this part of the moral vineyard, none is so abandoned as to use the word hello. They consider it shocking profanity, worse indeed than downright "cussin." Heigh-ho is the word they enjoy instead.—John A. Geeting in Indiana School Journal.

Growing.

The New York Times calls the attention of growing girls and boys to the fact that while they are growing they are forming their figures for life. Drooping the shoulders a little, drooping the head as one walks, standing unevenly, so that one hip sinks more than the other, do not tend to form a straight figure or a graceful, easy carriage.

An easy way to practice walking well is to start out right. Just before you leave the house walk up to the wall and see that your toes, chest and nose touch it at once, then in that attitude walk away. Keep your head up and your chest out, and your shoulders and back will take care of themselves.

A southern school-teacher used to instruct her pupils to walk always as if trying to look over the top of an imaginary carriage just in front of them. It was good advice, for it kept the head well raised.

A Stupid Barber.

Customer (as journeyman barber leaves the shop)—What did you do charge him for?

Barber—Why, he didn't got no more sense than a stone wall! One of my customers left a pair of razors here to be sharpened, and that ignorant chump actually went and sharpened them so that the man could shave with them.—Berlin (Md.) Herald.

THE HABITS OF FISH.

SALMON ARE THE FIGHTING ROMEO OF THE FINNY TRIBES.

Codfish Can Outdo the Goat and Out-trick Combined in Digestive Powers, and the Bluefish Is the Most Bloodthirsty Thing in Nature.

It is not too much to say that in some ways the love of salmon passeth that of women. To reach the objects of their affection they perform feats and undergo hardships greater than any man could do or bear, and to maintain it they fight with a courage and fury which might make many a soldier envious.

The salmon trials begin when they first leave the sea on their long up river journey to meet their sweethearts. Presently perhaps they meet a high waterfall. Then the salmon backs away as far as possible, makes a loco-motive-like rush and leaps for the top. He actually whizzes through the air, his tail moving like lightning, his scales shining like silver enamel. Perhaps he fails to reach the top by a foot, but he catches the water, hangs suspended for a moment and then with a miraculous strength forces his way up and reaches the quiet water beyond.

Perhaps the next waterfall is five feet higher, and the salmon leaps in vain. Then, finding the feat impossible, he actually climbs the sides, jumping up from ledge to ledge and resting in little pools until the river above is reached. Then he goes on pushing through rapids and floundering over shallows until the spawning ground is reached. In many of the larger rivers of this continent the salmon is no beauty when he reaches his journey's end. His scales perhaps are worn off, his fins torn, and his body is a mass of bruises. But nevertheless he woos his ladylove boldly, caresses her tenderly, fights his rivals fiercely and wins his bride like a soldier.

But all fish are not so romantic. The codfish, for instance, is unsentimental and actually ridiculous. He is a great, gray, ugly fish, and his name itself is absurd. If there were such a thing as submarine humor, he would figure in it as the goat does in our own comies. The codfish has, in fact, an appetite which makes the goat's look pale, and when fishermen cut the fish open they assert that they often find such things as scissiors, suspender buckles, horse-shoes, potato parings, oil cans, door-knobs, marlin spikes, corn-cobs and India rubber shoes.

Another startling story told by fishermen is that in heavy weather codfish eat stones to ballast them, but it is more likely that these rocks are taken in while attached to sea anemones, of which the codfish are very fond. It may be inferred that codfish do not object to nibble the fingers or hands of human beings, because the wedding ring of a drowned woman was once found in a cod's stomach, and the finder got a big reward for its return.

Oysters and clams in the shell are very popular with the codfish, and there are vast heaps of dead shells in the ocean, "nested" together like strawberry boxes, which are believed to have once been in the stomachs of codfish. The appetites of these fish are insatiable. They will fill their mouths, fill their gullets and fill their stomachs with food and still try to get more.

If people knew more about the fish they eat, it is possible that a slice of "baked blue" might fill many a man with shuddering horror, for the bluefish is perhaps the most terrible and bloodthirsty thing in all nature. The tiger has a sweet and cheerful disposition compared to the bluefish, the shark seems a phlegmatic and amiable creature, and the wolf, by comparison, is positively mild. The bluefish make menhaden their especial prey. When a school of these fish perceive bluefish near, they swim away with such terrific haste that the ocean foams under them, but the bluefish cannot be distanced. They rush among the helpless menhaden, biting, tearing, thrashing and even throwing them into the air.

They do not stop to swallow their prey, but kill purely for the love of slaughter. The sea is reddened with blood and dotted with dead fish, but bluefish kill on until exhaustion stops them or until the menhaden get into such shallow water that the bluefish do not care to follow. Sometimes these helpless fish are so blind with terror that they swim ashore and are piled up in windrows a foot deep.

The bluefish do not eat one-tenth of the fish they kill, although when surfeited they are believed by some people to disgorge their food in order to take in another meal. It is estimated that during a fair season 1,000,000 bluefish are caught between New Jersey and Monomoy and that about 900,000,000 remain uncaught. Thirty or 40 fish are sometimes found in the stomach of one bluefish, but placing a bluefish's kill at only ten per day it will be seen that during their four months' yearly stay on the New England coast they destroy about 1,200,000,000,000 fish, and that is excluding the vast numbers of minute fish eaten by little bluefish, which are not included in the estimate. Carried into grandeur it is calculated that 2,500,000,000 pounds of fish are eaten daily by bluefish. Nevertheless they are handsome and graceful fish. Very little is known of their other habits, but they are so nervous while in captivity that they develop corns on their noses by trying to push the latter through the glass sides of their tanks.—Los Angeles Times.

ALL WRONG.

The Mistake is Made by Many-Portsmouth Citizens.

Don't mistake the cause of backache. To be cured you must know the cause.

It is wrong to imagine relief is cure. Backache is kidney ache. You must cure the kidneys. A Portsmouth resident tells you how this can be done.

Mr. Thomas Entwistle, city marshal, says:—"I was never troubled very much with my kidneys, but I had a very sharp attack of lameness of the back and pains across the loins. At the time I got Doan's Kidney Pills I was suffering much distress. It hurt me to make any sudden movement and sharp twinges seized me in the small of the back when rising from a chair. I took but a few doses when I was quite free from pain. I have had no trouble since."

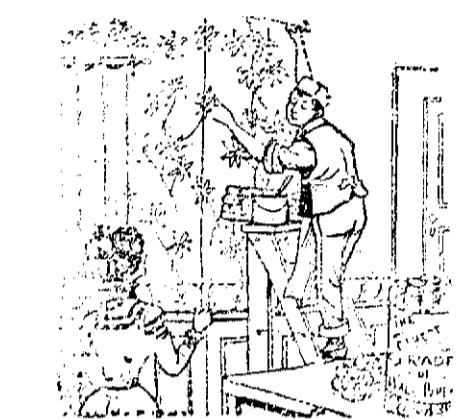
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BOTTLED OF ALL KINDS OF
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Stone Tool Sharpening a Specialty.
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THE HERALD.
MINIATURE ALMANAC,
MAY 1.

SUN RISES.....4:41 | MOON RISES.....10:52 A. M.
SUN SETS.....6:33 | FULL MOON.....10:35 A. M.
LENGTH OF DAY.....11:52 | LENGTH OF NIGHT.....9:45 P. M.

New Moon, May 11th, 5h. 45m., evening, W.
First Quarter, May 14th, 5h. 40m., morning, E.
Full Moon, May 23d, 5h. 46m., morning, W.
Last Quarter, May 30th, 7h. 0m., morning, W.

WEATHER INDICATIONS.
Washington, April 30.—Forecast for New England: Fair Thursday, except showers in eastern Maine; Friday fair, rising temperature; fresh to brisk winds.

MUSIC HALL BOX OFFICE HOURS.
Open 7:30 to 9:00 a. m., 12:30 to 2, 5 to 6, and 7 to 8 p. m., three days in advance of each attraction. Tickets may be ordered by calling Telephone No. 37-2.

THURSDAY, MAY 1, 1902.

TO-NIGHT.
Monthly meeting of the Yacht club. May party of Young People's union of the Court street Christian church, in the vestry.
Tenth annual May ball of Gen. Gilman Marston command, U. V. U., Philbrick hall.

CITY BRIEFS.

This is May day.
Dog licenses are due.
Dandelions are in blossom.
Lobsters are lower in price.
Have you had your dog taxed?
If not, it is up to you to see that it is done, and done soon.
April went out in a beautiful shower.
May ball tonight, in Philbrick hall. Strawberries are selling for twenty-five cents per box.
The New England league baseball season opens today.
The American Girl company went to Biddeford this morning.
The New England league season opens today, Thursday.
Have your shoes repaired by John Mott, 34 Congress street.

The Friendship club met with Mrs. C. E. Jenness of State street on Wednesday evening.
The Messrs. Foshburgh are paying \$225 per day for each team or \$450 for a double hitch.
"Now good digestion waits on appetite, and health on both." If it doesn't, try Burdock Blood Bitters.
George Laskey again fell into the clutches of the police on Wednesday and will be tried in police court today.
The Daughters of Liberty sewing circle met with Mrs. J. Frank Willey of Madison street on Wednesday evening.
Diphtheria, sore throat, croup. Instant relief, permanent cure. Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. At any drug store.
Music lessons on Violin, Cornet, Mandolin and Banjo. R. J. Reinwald. Bandmaster U. S. Naval Band, 6 Court street.

The Trees bowling alleys, which have been refitted since the fire three weeks ago, will be reopened this Thursday evening.
"Cure the cough and save the life." Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup cures coughs and colds, drives to the very verge of consumption.

Do not fail to attend this evening the Ball of General Gilman Marston Command. Gallery tickets will be on sale at the door of Philbrick Hall.
The ladies of Strawberry Bank garage were entertained by W. H. Leetner Mrs. Anna M. Cook of Maplewood avenue on Wednesday evening.

Gardner J. Greenleaf is to tear away a portion of the rear of the building recently damaged by fire on Church street, and will erect a tenement house for rental.
Sent in your preference of a site for the Fitz John Porter statue. You ought to have the interests of old "Strawberry Bank" at heart enough to fill in a vote and mail it.

How slow New Hampshire is! Here it is election year and they haven't decided who is going to be governor while down here in Maine we have it all up to 1912.—Biddeford Record.
Lover is fishing for \$30,000 of Andrew Carnegie's money to build a library with. There is hope that they will get it is Dover is in need of all the literature that is coming to her.

"I had a running, itching sore on my leg. Suffered torments. Doan's Ointment took away the burning and itching instantly, and quickly effected a permanent cure." C. W. Lenhart, Bowling Green, O.
The annual business meeting of the Grafton club for the election of officers and annual reports will be held at Conservatory hall Thursday afternoon, May 1st, at 4 p. m. All members are earnestly requested to be present.

RAN ASHORE.
The Evelyn, a fishing sloop, which was headed for the lower harbor, was caught in the swift tide and taken ashore on the eastern shore of Pease Island, about five o'clock this Tuesday morning. The sloop was uninjured and was taken off at high tide.

GOLF MATCH POSTPONED.
The golf match between a scrub team of the Exeter Golf club and the Portsmouth Country club, scheduled for Saturday, has been postponed.

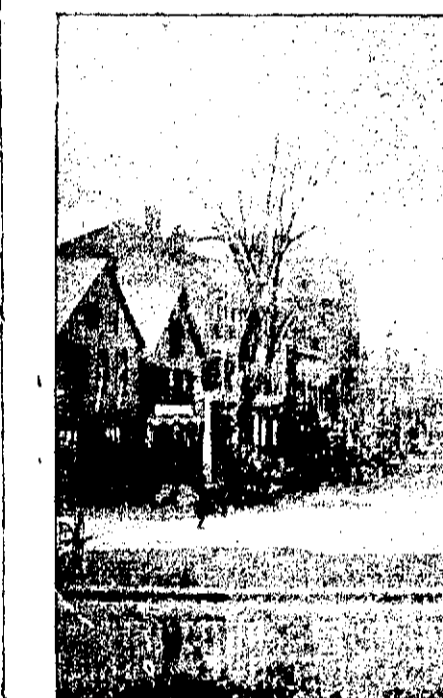
DISTINGUISHED VISITORS
Mr. And Mrs. Samuel Clemens
Registered At Rockingham.

The Celebrated Author May Join The Summer Colony.

Very Reticent As To His Business In Old Strawberry Bank.

Portsmouth had two distinguished visitors on Wednesday, in the persons of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel M. Clemens, the genial "Mark Twain" and his wife. The Rockingham register contains the simple legend, "Mr. and Mrs. Clemens, New York," and there is nothing to indicate, except the not uncommon surname, that the famous author has been a visitor at the hostelry, for there is nothing ostentatious about "Mark Twain," and his presence in any town is never heralded to the public. Mr. Clemens left Portsmouth this morning as quietly as he came.

The Rockingham office force declares that he is one of the most agreeable and least exacting guests who ever favored the hotel with his patronage.
Mr. Clemens gave the Herald representative a brief interview, and the courteous and genial host fellow, well met air, so characteristic of his writings, was very noticeable in his greeting and in his conversation, in fact, Mark Twain talks exactly as he writes and the whimsical drolleries that fall from his lips, are even more mirth-provoking, if such a thing be possible, than those which radiate from his pen.



Market Square, View Up Congress St. et.



Market Square, View Down Pleasant Street.

Mr. Clemens stated that he was in this city on a pleasure trip. "I am enjoying the New England spring," he said. "I like April weather in New England; it is so diversified."
It is possible, although Mr. Clemens did not say so in so many words, that he may join the literary colony which makes its summer home along the coast of Kittery and York, and it is also not improbable that he may have been looking up material for one of those amusing local sketches of New England life, with which he now and then delights his readers.
Mr. Clemens has been a reporter himself, and he knows how to make a member of his old fraternity feel at home, but he also knows how to prevent him from securing information he does not wish to give him. Nevertheless any newspaper man would gladly give a week's salary for a ten minutes conversation with him at any time.
"When I come again," said Mr. Clemens, as he shook hands in parting, "I may have lots more to say. Good bye and good luck to you."

AT THE NORTH CHURCH.
The music of Rossini's Stabat Mater will be sung at the North church on Sunday afternoon at four o'clock by the chorists choir. Besides the regular quartette the following persons will assist: Miss H. S. Whittier and Mr. George Tykes of Boston; Mrs. Alice Holmes Owen, Mr. C. W. Gray and Mr. E. Scott Owen of Portsmouth.

PROPERTY CHANGES HANDS.
The house number 39 South street was sold at public auction this Thursday morning by Auctioneer C. Dwight Hanson. The purchaser was Richard T. Call, who paid \$125 for the property.

ABOUT THE STATUE.
Two Communications From Citizens Interested In Its Site And Its Sculptor.

Below are communications bearing upon the Fitz John Porter statue. The Herald solicits others only stipulating that the writer shall send them in over his or her own signature accompanying it, if preferred, with an impersonal name for publication, like the two which follow:

Editor of the Herald:—After all, is it so much the location of the Fitz John Porter statue, so long as it be a good location, that is of such importance from the citizens' point of view, as the genius of the sculptor? We have a sum of money that is adequate to give us one real work of art, a statue that for all future time may breathe forth the spirit of the genius of the sculptor, as an inspiration to every one who may pass within the radius of its charmed circle; a statue by St. Gaudens, perhaps, who modeled the wonderful Shaw memorial opposite the state house in Boston, or maybe Macmonnies, who made the beautiful and far famed, though basely maligned Bacchante, a dream to all who came from far and near to look upon its life and grace. Macmonnies is also this year to complete or has completed the equestrian statue of Gen. Slocum of Brooklyn. Or French perhaps may leave us with a legacy of his power like the equestrian statue of Washington he has just left in the capital of France or the great Grant on his horse in Washington, D. C., another specimen of his work. He it is who modeled the memorial to Commodore Perkins, unveiled last week in our own capital at Concord. French is one of New Hampshire's own sons and what would be more fitting than that he, an honor to his state, should leave with us one of his equestrian statues as well as with the Parisians across the sea? And here I would say that it is practically certain that he would do the work within the figure named.
Now for Fitz John Porter's family.

The Herald's Daily Puzzle.



"WHERE IS THAT BOY?" DO YOU SEE HIM?

will allow us space in your valuable paper, we should like to diffuse our ideas concerning the location of the Fitz John Porter statue.

The letter signed "Citizen for the best," in a local contemporary, puts an entirely new phase on the argument in favor of placing the statue on Market square. We suggest that the statue could easily be combined with the fountain there. The fountain would not have to be removed. Lafayette road is a very out-of-the-way place for the statue. I hope your readers will understand that this memorial is given to the city of Portsmouth as a reminder that Fitz John Porter first saw the light of day here. It would not serve this purpose anywhere as well as on Market square. It is "up to" our city fathers, as men of honor and integrity, to have the statue placed on Market square, nowhere else.

AN INTERESTED CITIZEN.

SAMUEL R. GARDINER RETIRES.

City Auditor John Loughton Assumes the Duties.

City Auditor John Loughton relieved Samuel R. Gardiner of his duties at one o'clock this Thursday morning and the latter retires to private life after many years of service in the city building as messenger, clerk and auditor.

It is understood that Mr. Loughton has applied for a short leave of absence from his position as ship keeper at the navy yard and also handed in his resignation, the same to take effect at the end of the leave of absence.
Mr. Gardiner retired from the city building with the good will of all who have had occasion to do business with him in his many years of service and it will seem strange for a time not to see the familiar countenance of the ex-city auditor loom up from out of a pile of documents when visiting the city building. To the newspaper men in particular the retiring official has been of great help in the past in their search for information, his knowledge of all records and occurrences of a public nature being of vast assistance to them in their daily labor.

ANOTHER STRIKE IMMINENT.

Work on the New Dry Dock at the Navy Yard May Be Tied Up.

The latest labor disaffection in this vicinity is now on between the dry dock contractors and the derrier men, engineers and laborers in their employ.

The employees are asking for a eight hour day and an increase of 25 cents per day in wages. This the contractors will not listen to and the matter is now in the hands of the Central Labor union of this city.
It is said that at a meeting held last evening the men decided to give the contractors three days more at the end of which time a strike would be declared unless their terms should be accepted.

It was rumored around town on Wednesday evening that the granite cutters would go out in sympathy if a strike was declared but this the cutters deny, saying that they should continue work unless scab labor was brought here, in which event they would be forced to quit.

LAST OF THE SEASON.

Junior Guild Of The Middle Street Church Concludes Its Series Of Socials.

The last social of the season under the auspices of the Junior Guild of the Middle street Baptist church was held in the chapel on State street on Wednesday evening, April 30th. There was a goodly number of guests, who were greeted upon their appearance by Harry Ramsdell, Stanley McDaniel, Ralph Rand and Horace Ham, who officiated as ushers. A musical and literary entertainment was provided, the numbers of which were well received. Following the entertainment, a light collation was served, consisting of cake and ices, Misses Pearl Stevens, Helen Robinson, Clara Hopkins and Addie Stevens acted as waitresses.
The social of Wednesday evening was the eleventh in the series, and the young people have every reason to be proud of the success of their winter's program.
The boys' branch of the guild has thirty-five members, and one member has been lost by death. The girls have about the same number.

PERSONALS.

Messrs. Page and Bartlett are in Exeter today.

William Wylie of Exeter has been a visitor in town today.

Major E. A. Tilton's pension has been increased to \$17.50 per month.

City Marshal Entwistle attended the superior court in Exeter on Wednesday.

Hon. J. S. H. Frink of Greenland has gone to Washington on legal business.

Mrs. Archie B. Coney of Haverhill, Mass., is the guest of her parents on State street.

Arthur H. Allen of Winchester, Mass., is visiting his brother-in-law, Charles W. Gray, and wife, of Richards avenue.

Rev. J. E. Robins of Dover, presiding elder of the Dover district, conducted the first quarterly conference at the Methodist vestry on Wednesday evening.

William A. Bowker, at the head of the corps of civil engineers in the employ of the Messrs. Eschburgh, has moved his family to this city from New York and is occupying the residence of ex-Mayor Tilton on Wither street.

AT THE NAVY YARD.

Several carloads of cord wood have arrived for steam engineering and it is being piled up back of the store house. The Reina Mercedes was moved from the berth near the ferry landing to the side of the timber dock on Thursday morning.

Very little outside work was done about the yard on Wednesday and over a third of the yards and docks and construction gangs were idle.

Captain P. F. Harrington expects to be detached from this station and ordered to New York as captain of the yard there before the last of the week.

George Gibson of Kittery, a helper in the shipwright's gang, met with a most painful accident on Wednesday, and may possibly lose his right hand. It was terribly mangled, but his physician hopes to save it from amputation.

One of the most popular men on the yard is Mail Carrier Drowne. Ever willing to oblige, there is scarce a day passes but what he is called upon to go out of his way to perform a dozen and one little services besides attending to his duty in a faithful and conscientious manner.

POLICE COURT.

George Laskey was arraigned before Judge E. H. Adams this morning, at ten o'clock, charged with being drunk off Penikese street. Laskey pleaded guilty and begged to be let off, promising he would leave the city at once and not return for a year. Laskey has been serving a sentence at the county jail and was released on Tuesday. A suspended sentence of sixty days at Brentwood and costs of \$6.50 was given, the same to be enforced if he was found in the city after 12.45.

HARBOR FRONT NEWS.

Arrived, May 1.—Schooner Hope Haynes, Bangor, New York, lumber; schooner Grace E. Stevens, Boston, Winter Harbor, general cargo; schooner Addie, Portland, laths; schooner Annie Sargent, Rockland, Boston, lime; schooner July Fourth, Bangor, New York, lumber; schooner Oakes Ames, Bangor, New York, lumber; schooner Mary Langdon, Stonington, Boston, stone; schooner Bessie, British, Weymouth, Boston, lumber; schooner John Caldwell, Kennebunk, Brighton, lumber; tug Cumberland, with barge A. Portland, Baltimore, light.

ANOTHER BUNCH OF SCUT DRINKERS.

Assistant Marshal West and Officers McGaffery and Shannon descended on a gang of scut drinkers in the railroad yard this morning and succeeded in capturing three of the gang.

MOVING THE BUILDINGS.

Contractor P. M. Ellis and gang of men commenced work this morning moving the barns and houses on the paper mill site. Mr. Ellis has hired the tan yard stable and will keep his horses and tools there.

Rain, rain, gentle rain, it falleth like the dew from heaven and refresheth the earth.

TYPE

Underwood Typewriter
EVERY LETTER IN SIGHT.

Principle New
Writing Visible
Speed Increased
Touch Elastic
Automatic Conveniences

Operation Unchangeable
Tabulating Rapidly
Billing Speed
Strength Maintained
Actual Advantages

Examine the
UNDERWOOD
At the Herald Office

LOW PRICES.

Many people shout Low Prices. The prices are low—so is the quality of the goods. We say low prices and we lack up the statement with a good strong reason. We can make the best clothing—make it as well as it can be made—at low prices, because our expenses are light and we have many patrons. There is no use throwing money away. There is no use paying any more for perfection than you have to. We will be glad to see you at any time.

HAUGH,
LADIES' AND GENTS' TAILOR
20 High Street.

Old Furniture Made New.

Why don't you send some of your badly worn upholstered furniture to Robert H. Hall and have it re-upholstered? It will cost but little.
Manufacturer of All Kinds of Cushions And Coverings.

R. H. HALL
Hanover Street, Near Market.

Buy Now!

We just received a new lot of Buggies of all descriptions, Milk Wagons, Steam Laundry Wagons, Store Wagons and Stanhope Carriages. Also a large line of new and second-hand Harnesses, Single and Double, Heavy and Light, and I will sell them at Very Low Prices.
Just drop around and look at them even if you do not want to buy.

THOMAS McCUE.
Stone Stable -- Fleet Street

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C. E. WALKER & CO.,
Commission Merchants
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